

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 27, 1940

WHO'S WHO

BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P., on the merits of his article about Eight Hundred Million Christians, was accorded an extra page last week. Normally, we force our writers to condense their say in two pages—and no more, understand. Having given the extra two columns, we received a note from him, stating that “a confrere opined that the E. H. M. C. article should be followed with something constructive, something about the antidote for private judgment.” We told him that the pleasure would be all ours, and so we take honor in presenting another brilliant article by Father Weaver, of St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass. . . . BROOKE HILARY STEWART is writing, at present, from New York. He has been engaged in newspaper reporting, is now doing special writing, and will, as journalists do, be returning to newspapering again. . . . EILEEN EGAN favored us with a very fine appraisal of the New Portugal in a January issue. She spent several months in Portugal last year, recording facts and impressions. Her three vignettes are meaningful little portraits. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, associate editor, graphically gives us all another urge to Double-Anti, described in our issue of April 6. . . . DORAN HURLEY has now fourteen counts against him, as far as Mrs. Crowley is concerned, but fourteen points in his favor, by our reckoning. That is, he has been that number of times her Edgar Bergen in AMERICA. . . . THEOPHILUS LEWIS wrote his first article for AMERICA in November, 1937. He was not then a Catholic. But two years later, he was received into the Church, adding one more to the increasing number of Negro intellectuals who are embracing Catholicism.

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AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., April 27, 1940, Vol. LXIII, No. 3, Whole No. 1590. Telephone BARclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

THOUGH we believed that the Bertrand Russell fracas had ceased to be news, with the verdict of Judge McGeehan, with the slashing of the appropriation by Mayor LaGuardia, with the official decision against an appeal by the city executive, Corporation Counsel William C. Chanler, we find an interesting question still left unanswered. It is the question we asked in the beginning: Who is determined to plant Russell on the citizens and the officials of New York City? Just a very few rhapsodists who have wormed their way into the Board of Higher Education? They demand academic freedom; and to gain what they consider academic freedom, they destroy the freedom of the public to make a decision for the public good. Whether the citizens or the judges or the elected executives like it or not, this small clique is determined to act the dictators and to impose Russell on New York.

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SPIES, traitors, agents were known to be working in the Scandinavian countries, in the interests of the Nazis. They had been operating in their under-cover activities long before last September. It is quite well recognized that the same processes and the same sort of personnel are present in Belgium and in Holland. The sad story of Denmark, Norway and Sweden cannot be fully evaluated without a chapter on impenetration and subversive plotting. After the bloodless warfare of concealed battles has been finished, the war of blood and ruthless conquests breaks out. The neutrals of Europe are at the mercy of the Nazi and the Soviet agencies. Which thought turns our attention to the situation in the United States. We know that influences and individuals are operating in our country for the benefit of Communism and Nazism. We discover outcroppings here and there, through the testimony, for example, offered before the Dies Committee. But we do not know the worst, because the evil is deeply secreted. We can, however, be vigilant, and we can, with determination, keep the United States truly American.

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STRANGE silence is fallen upon those who were so violently voluble last January. We refer to the case of the seventeen men arrested in Brooklyn. They were convicted by the newspapers, by the columnists, by the hysterical liberals, by the anti-Catholic bigots and the broad-minded Catholics, because they were accused of being members of the Christian Front, anti-Semites and overthrowers of the Government. The trial progresses. The evidence against the sixteen (one died), individually and as a group, is being presented through a star Government witness, one Denis A. Healy. We would not presume to express a judgment in advance of the

decision of the Court. But the testimony, as offered, leads us to believe that our opinions, expressed in January and February, were correct. We expressed the idea that the real culprits were not the seventeen men arrested, but the instigators of their arrest. All the circumstances of the arrest of these seventeen, and all the publicity given to it, made us suspect a plot behind a trumped-up plot. The plot behind the arrest will never be made known, we fear. But truthful inquiry is bringing out the fact that the arrest was trumped-up. From the beginning we had advanced the notion that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had involved itself most absurdly, and that its prestige would be lessened. From the day to day testimony we are confirmed in our notion. The FBI, it would seem, took seriously the reports of a nit-wit amateur detective, supplied him with funds for beverages and automobiles and a convenient vacation to Canada. Some of the plotters, between drinks, indicated how they would strangle the Government by jiu-jitsu. Strangely, public indignation so vehemently lashed into fury in January is now very quiet in April. And the issues of the Christian Front and anti-Semitism, then so prominently headlined, are now quietly quashed.

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SOME months ago—June, 1939, to be exact—announcement was made that the Mexican Government had magnanimously opened its door to some 20,000 of the Spanish refugees residing in France. The negotiations for this migration were manipulated through the "good offices" of Negrin, Prieto, del Vayo, and the Mexican Ambassador to France, Narciso Bassols. A certain amount of violence had to be done to the Mexican constitution to legalize the immigration, but President Cárdenas proved himself a valuable ally. Solemn protests were made at the time by the Mexican people to the President; charges of crooked dealings in the matter of funds exacted of the refugees were openly hinted; an open letter to the President by Luis del Toro made specific accusations of graft. But above all, serious objection was lodged on the score that Mexican industry was incapable at the moment of absorbing its own unemployed; more than 100,000 Mexicans walked the streets of the capital without food or shelter. Thousands of "refugees," nevertheless, landed on Mexican soil. What the exact number is, no one outside the inner circle has been able to ascertain. But these refugees, instead of proving an industrial and agricultural acquisition as the Government proclaimed, are proving an increasing problem, landed in the lap of naturally generous, but impoverished, people. They are in great part malcontents who were a cause of discontent in their own country; a number of them are not Spanish

at all; most of them are avowed Communists and promoters of discord. It will be interesting to watch the part these "refugees" are to play for the Cárdenas clique in the July elections.

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THE story is told of a young immigrant who attended a night school in which he was learning to spell our language by the phonetic method. He was asked to spell "fish" and wrote "ghoti." He justified himself as follows: *gh* as in rough, *o* as in women, *ti* as in ambition. The ensemble gave him "ghoti," pronounced "fish." It would be interesting to follow the same young man into a night-school course in American Government as taught these days, in a manner even more phony than our phonetics. He would discover that the American ideal is a new form of enlightenment originating in the last ten years. Its birth was retarded for a long time by obstacles known as "The Constitution," "The Old Deal," "The Supreme Court," "The Nine Old Men," "The Congress," "The Old Reactionaries." Historical heroes, now debunked, lurk in the background, whose memory still hinders the advance toward prosperity by the fascinating routes of depression and regression. These heroes, Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson among them, are now toasted as ghosts and properly dismissed in a new national celebration known as a Jackson Day Dinner. The new Americanism is both fool-proof and practical. All failures have been planned ahead of time, and progress is measured by the counting of bathtubs. The watchword is, to put it alphabetically, PKH: Please Keep Hoping! But the slogan is never mentioned, the letters all being silent: *P* as in pneumonia, *K* as in Knute Rockne, and *H* as in catarrh.

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THE story of Spain's children, cruelly expatriated during the Civil War, remains the most tragic of all the harrowing experiences this unfortunate people was forced to undergo. Exact numbers of the total little expatriates will never be available, but conservative estimates place the figure at 40,000. Latest reports from Spain announce that 25,000 children have been returned to their parents from England, France, Switzerland and Belgium. It is known that seven to eight thousand are still scattered through France, and something over 500 are in Mexico. A number of them, believed to be about 4,000 are known to have died through want and exposure. But the saddest part of the tale centers about Russia. With fiendish ingenuity, all records of the children taken to the Soviet lair were destroyed so that no definite trace remains. All overtures on the part of the Spanish Government have been unsuccessful. In customary Soviet style, promises have been made that begin and end there. It is quite evident that Russia has no intention of releasing any of these unfortunates until their minds are steeped with the Marxian virus, until their hearts are saturated with Soviet aims and imbued with hate for their country. Then, as Spanish Communists, they will be unleashed upon

Spanish-speaking countries as well as upon Spain itself. But whatever success Russia may appear to have gained with these neophytes, there is one weapon that they cannot overcome. It is the prayer of every Spanish mother to Our Lady, and the Soviet will not prevail.

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WHAT is often offered as "sociology" is the veriest balderdash, spiced with atheism and laced with immorality, the noisome mixture being prescribed as the sovereign remedy for all our ills. For that reason we welcome to the growing company of learned quarterlies *The American Catholic Sociological Review*, published at Loyola University, Chicago, under the general editorship of the Rev. Ralph A. Gallagher, S.J., Ph.D. As Dr. Paul Mundie, of Marquette University, observes by way of preface to the first issue, sociology has grown rapidly in the last quarter-century, and it is necessary "that Catholics undertake a leadership in the further development of this science." By publishing the results of research, and critical surveys of work in fields as yet little known, the Review will do much to aid in the formation of scholarly leaders in sociology. Among the other contributors are Bishop Sheil, Eva J. Ross, Paul Furfey, Edmund C. Horne, S.J., and Raymond W. Murray, C.S.C. The first issue is dedicated very appropriately, "To the memory of the late Frederic Siedenburg, S.J., leader and pioneer in the field of Catholic sociology."

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FEW more grievous casualties might be laid up to the war than the loss of Jean, Cardinal Verdier, the twenty-second Archbishop of Paris, and son of Saint Sulpice. No wonder that 100,000 persons filed past for a last look at his body as it lay in state on April 17 in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. As with Pope Pius X, who died at the beginning of the World War, the conflict seemed unbearable for his priestly heart: one problem too many for a man who had already established a record in solving the insoluble. His untiring devotion to the refugees was enough to finish anyone. Last though not least of Cardinal Verdier's solutions was the reconciliation effected between the Church and the *Action Française*. This balanced, as it were, his long policy of conciliation with the Government that has enabled the Church to function in France as it had not functioned in generations. Less sensational, but more fundamental, was Cardinal Verdier's phenomenal success in unifying French Catholic Action, unifying it without regimenting it; harmonizing all elements without depriving them of their native vigor and inspiration. The deceased Archbishop's visible monument is found in the great spiritual city of new parishes, new and splendid modern churches, increased priestly vocations, an army of fervent apostles which in a few short years he raised up in the God-forsaking Parisian suburbs, transforming them into outposts of Christianity. Much of the future outlook for peace in Europe will rest with the choice of his successor.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY DOES THE POPE COMMAND?

A cordial invitation to examine the Papal credentials

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

IT IS doubtful whether any of us would now hazard a prediction about the shape of things to come, particularly of those things that will probably come about 2040 A.D. In 1840, however, two Britons indulged in the oracular. It was in that year that Macaulay wrote his classic panegyric on the endurance of the Papacy; and it was in the same year that Carlyle wrote what he evidently hoped would be an anticipated obituary of that institution.

In these days, when almost everyone seems to have laid in a particularly large stock of pro- and anti-labels, any quotation of Macaulay's visualization of the traveler from New Zealand standing on the broken arches of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's is better curtailed. But there is little enough reason for laughter in the nightmarish world of today, without suppressing Carlyle's utterly ironic prophesy. "Popery cannot come back," he wrote, "any more than Paganism can—which also still lingers in some countries . . . look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival! Thor may as soon try to revive. . . ." If Carlyle had been permitted to peer into the future for a century and see the ceaseless procession of rulers, government ministers and ambassadors who, about 1940, would have begged audience with the occupant of the Papal chair, he would have torn the above piece of rhetoric into such small bits that not even an inquisitive housemaid would have discovered this evidence of his warped mind.

Today, the Papacy is the cynosure of the world. No event in this eventful epoch has attached to it the importance that is universally attached to a Papal election. Never has the first encyclical of a Pope been awaited as avidly by all nations as that of the twelfth Pius. No power in the world is more influential in working toward peace than the Holy See. There are many who believe that the coming peace will be effected under Papal auspices.

Those encyclicals that treat of the moral aspects of the economic order exercise an ever-growing influence upon legislative decisions. The working classes now see that their greatest protector is the Father of Christendom. The Popes are looked upon as the most disinterested of all humanitarians.

It is doubtful whether any informed observer was surprised to see the Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, the King of Italy, the Foreign Minister of Germany, the Under-Secretary of State of the United States, and others in whose hands is the making of decisions that affect all peoples, seeking conversations with the Pope. Nor were many surprised when the President of the most populous and most influential nation in the world—a country that a certain type of person likes to refer to as a Protestant country—appointed a personal representative to attend the coronation of the present Holy Father; nor when the same ruler, nine months later, sent a personal ambassador to the Vatican.

But in spite of the fact that all this recognition of the Papacy is very heartening, it constitutes one of the greatest of paradoxes. We are, indeed, living in a paradoxical age. We are living in a day when the press will salute the death or election of the holder of the Fisherman's Throne with conventional editorials, and will refer to him as "the Vicar of Christ" and "the head of the oldest Christian Church," but will refuse to examine the implications of these titles. We are living at a time when a non-Catholic columnist, who has a potential reading public of eight or ten million, will not hesitate to write of the first encyclical of Pius XII: "Pius XII has brought to bear upon our age understanding born of Faith. . . . His words point the way to the synthesis that the human mind is seeking everywhere, between individual freedom and social discipline, between liberty and authority. . . ." (Italics mine.)

Gratifying as it is to read this forthright statement by Dorothy Thompson, it is necessary to emphasize that it is incalculably weakened by her leaving unasked and unanswered the question that alone gives the key to the encyclical, the question that the Jews proposed to our Lord: By what authority dost thou these things? Who have given thee this authority?

During March of this year, the noted English writer, Hugh Walpole, published a book in which he tells the story of his experiences in Rome during the election and the coronation of the present Pope. In one place he says:

Now, as I looked at him, standing so close to me, his thin beautiful fingers pressed together, his large, brilliant eyes lost in his vision, his powerful lips moving in prayer, I forgot anything I had ever heard. . . . Wishing to speak the truth and the truth only, I can but say I was in contact, at this moment, quite suddenly, with a goodness and a spiritual integrity that I could not doubt any more than I could doubt the reality of the tortoise-shell spectacles upon the thick nose of the priest next to me.

People who read this passage will say: How moving! And they will be right; but will they have any answer to the eternal question: Who has given him his authority?

The most unreasonable of all attitudes toward the Papacy is that of neutrality. The Pope is either the supreme head of Christendom, the infallible teacher of spiritual truth, the successor of Saint Peter and the Vicar of Christ on earth, or he is an imposter with whom no respectable person should have dealings. You can no more be neutral toward the Pope than you can be neutral toward Christ, although many persons who call themselves Christians are attempting this neutrality, with disastrous consequences to the Christianity that they profess. "He that is not with me is against me," is as true of Christ's vicegerent as it is of Christ Himself.

It was Cardinal Newman who said that there is no medium, in true philosophy, between atheism and Catholicism. And certainly he was in a position to know. Besides having had one of the most profound minds that England has produced, he gave the half-way house of non-Catholic Christianity a trial that extended through half of his life. H. G. Wells has written many stupid things, but Newman would have endorsed his statement that non-Catholic Christianity "has reached its natural finality in complete, untroubled disbelief in superhuman authority. . . ."

The anomalous position of those who reject the teaching authority of the Papacy is illustrated by the following incident, related by Monsignor Ronald Knox, the convert son of an Anglican prelate. He says that he once asked an eminent Anglican theologian how he could be sure that his church was right in teaching the existence of hell. He replied, pointing to his chest, that there was "something in here" which ratified, for him, the judgment of the church on the subject. "But this means," comments the Monsignor, "that there must be a private Urim and Thummim behind every clerical waistcoat, which is, for the wearer, the last court of appeal." And he goes on to say that, "to assert the truths of Christianity as if they were known fact, with a mental reservation which tells you that in the last resort it is a matter of private judgment whether they are or not, is to me nothing else than a hypocrisy."

The sects would give the impression that our Lord was like an affluent parent who dies without leaving a will. Those who have witnessed the effects upon the harmony of families of such criminal improvidence will understand how disloyal is such an accusation against Christ. For, if He had left no authoritative mouthpiece, there could be no help for the scandal of a bitterly divided Christianity.

You would think that the ominous complacency with which the so-called Christian sects welcome to their bosom those who deny, not only the Mass and the Sacraments, not only the indissolubility of the marriage bond, not only the unity of the Church, but the very divinity of Christ itself, would drive the discerning non-Catholic Christian to the conclusion that there *must* be some Christ-given means for ending this outrageous situation. We must show him that this means is the Papacy.

There is only one thing we can do for the Carlyles of our day, and that is to pray for them. But to the Macaulays of this generation we can propose the kind of dilemma that our Lord proposed to those who questioned His credentials. We can say: The Papacy, whence is it? from Heaven or from men? If they answer that it is from Heaven, we must ask them why they have not submitted to it. But if they say that it is from men, we find it necessary to ask them to explain the miracle by which a purely human institution has never fallen into error or contradiction on any essential question of faith or morals during nineteen centuries of turbulent history. And when they have explained that miracle, we must ask them to explain another. How does it happen that that institution, which has endured ruthless and bloody persecution in almost every country, and whose extinction is ardently desired by numberless persons of every class, possesses, after these hundreds of years, the allegiance of one out of every five human beings on earth?

Furthermore, if they insist on believing that the Papacy is from men, they must hold it to be a fraud of gigantic proportions; for, no merely human institution could claim, without deceit, the absolute spiritual authority that the Papacy claims for itself. And then they must tell us how this fraudulent thing, which works in the light of day, and which for all these centuries has undergone the most careful scrutiny, has escaped detection and exposure. It is inconceivable that a fraud of world-wide proportions could endure for 2,000 years. And if some say that the Papacy has been exposed, we must reply that very few seem really convinced by the pretended exposure, for no government in the world receives from those who do not give it formal allegiance the sincere honor and respect that non-Catholics in general give the Papacy; and the number of those who are taking the road to Rome is a phenomenon to challenge the attention of the world.

Then, when they have digested such circumstantial argumentation, we can ask them to re-read all the Petrine texts and tell us how the metaphors of the keys, of the rock, of the binding and the loosing, of the lambs and the sheep, make any sense at all apart from the Papacy. The city seated upon the mountain cannot be hid. Neither can it be ignored. The Papacy claims to offer God's solution for the problems of mankind, and everyone will admit that God's solution is sorely needed. It only remains for those who are now neutral toward the Papacy to examine its credentials and to give themselves an adequate answer to the question: By what authority?

WE SAVE EUROPE? YES, BUT HOW?

BROOKE HILARY STEWART

THE less we Americans sentimentalize over the noble humanitarian motives of our right little, tight little cousins across the sea, the better off we shall be intellectually.

Yet we must not lean over backwards so far as to forget that the enemies of the Allies are also the proven enemies of the thing we call Christian Civilization. We do not want to see that go, but if we are to help at all, now, above all times, is the time for the straightest thinking we can command, and some of us are not thinking at all.

Please God, our great hope, that America stay out of war, may be justified. But laudable as that hope is, it is by no means sufficient excuse for the haphazard and thoughtless employment of mental faculties which is occupying great and small these dreary days.

"Let us keep out of the war; and when it is over, the United States will be the hope and salvation of Europe!" I heard a lady Patriot say last week. She is not alone. During the past months those words have been voiced by numbers of supposedly intelligent Americans, in stations high as well as low.

Presumably, the sentence has a meaning. The first of it I understand and endorse; by all means, let us keep out of the war! But this talk of our being the hope and the salvation of Europe—what does it mean?

In just what way are we to be Europe's hope and salvation? Are we going to finance the rebuilding of bombed factories, schools and churches? Do we plan to pension off Polish, Finnish, French and British war widows? Or are we simply waiting for the last shot to be fired so that we may receive all the Europeans, who have been rendered homeless, into the United States?

"Well, hardly!" I hear the Patriots exclaim. "What do you think this country is, a charitable institution?"

No, I do not.

But just how *are* we going to be the salvation of Europe, please? By preserving democracy? Splendid! But, assuming that democracy dies the death in Europe, what good is a democratic America, half a world away, expected to do England, Poland and Germany?

It will certainly do *us* some good, but are the nations across the Atlantic supposed to bask comfortably in the assurance that somewhere—not anywhere close by, of course, but somewhere—a free state thrives? I think not. Prosperity and freedom are indeed comfortable things, but only to the man who has them. Europe is not going to find her salvation in the idea of *our* Republic.

But, no doubt, the Patriots mean something more sophisticated—art and education, perhaps? Well, that is very magnanimous of us, I am sure, but I suspect that Grant Wood and Katherine Schmidt will not compensate Europe for Michelangelo, Botticelli, Leonardo and Fra Lippo Lippi. Nor, do I think, will the thought of Smith, Stamford and Southern Methodist, dealing out culture over the waters, inspire the dreams of the men of Oxford, Heidelberg and the Sorbonne.

Surely the Patriots cannot mean that we are to be Europe's *spiritual* salvation. Yet that is about all that is left, for apparently we are not to be her salvation economically, governmentally or artistically.

But what has the United States to offer spiritually to the peoples of Europe? Have we so much religious unity that the children of the Church will look at once to us for the message of faith? Are we likely, with our hundreds of quarreling denominations, to present a picture of Christian stability to Catholic men and women whose lives have been lived under the benevolent arm of the Universal Church? Or will the Protestants come to us for what they have already in abundance? If there be talk of saving Europe, let it be of saving her skin, not her soul.

Plainly all this speechifying about our being the hope of our sister countries is the sheerest sort of foolishness. Unless we mean to be of some actual aid—and I do not say we should—let us stop this self-important romancing.

So far as I can learn from much questioning, the Patriots are offering (for a consideration) that high-sounding but barren commodity known as moral support. Apparently, they see America as a sort of International Cheering Section, against whose "Boo's" none can hope to stand. This is an engaging conceit, but the fact is that the so-called "moral support" of this nation (and it is not even certain, when it comes down to it, we would give that) is worth absolutely nothing in terms of bread and butter.

Nations, like men, are tempted and they sin, and of all the sins to which men and nations are drawn, pride has the most subtle appeal and is most often followed by the promised fall. Nations have survived greed, anger and covetousness, probably because the objects of these sins are always changing. The provocation for greed and anger may be here today and gone tomorrow, and, while the disposition remains, the occasion often disappears or is displaced. But pridefulness, once yielded to, needs no further occasion. Once we have been contaminated by it, the devil's active work is done. The disposition is all that is necessary to advance his designs.

Ever since we attained to power we have constantly patronized the rest of God's world. That this attitude lacks both taste and tact is evident, but it is also dangerous. Other countries, from time to time, have had delusions of superiority, and two of them are presently facing each other in battle today. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

THREE LITTLE TOWNS IN SALAZAR'S NEW PORTUGAL

Stray illustrations of serenity in a truly Catholic State

EILEEN EGAN

TRAVELING through this little country that forms the Atlantic seaboard of the Iberian peninsula, I was brought to an awareness of a quickening of national spirit, of a renaissance of religion, and of a resurgence of a rich cultural tradition that had been temporarily in eclipse.

We had come to Portugal to see the effects and the social projects of the Estado Novo, the new Government now headed by Dr. Salazar. In Leiria, a lovely, castle-dominated town in mid-Portugal, we had inspected the local station for the prevention and alleviation of tuberculosis, and learned that the *Assistencia Nacional aos Tuberculosos* signs conspicuously posted in the various towns proclaimed a magnificently coordinated drive against this plague.

We had been justly amazed at the amount of work done for the employes of the Cement Factory of Maceira, a village outside Leiria. The modern medical clinic, primary school, theatre, library and housing project are comparable to anything done in America. Now, at the insistence of every Portuguese we had met, we were dropping our carefully planned itinerary to pay a visit to a small inaccessible village called Fatima, in the diocese of Leiria.

TO OUR LADY OF FATIMA

Camionette para Fatima. We climbed aboard the bus and traveled quickly past the sunlit olive groves, past the glorious Church of the Battle, *Batalha*, into hilly, arid country. The bus climbed higher and higher until we could see the vineyards, villages and olive trees of the sunny land spread on all sides for miles around. And finally, we arrived at Fatima.

In physical appearance, it is certainly one of the bleakest spots for the visitor to Portugal. Aggressively new, white buildings add nothing to the scene. We gave our bags to a little boy who announced that he was from the *Pensao Sagrada Familia*, and followed him along a half-finished road. Heavy white dust from the road and buildings under construction filled the air. We even found a generous coating of it on our food at the "Holy Family Inn." But we forgot this little inconvenience, for from

this spot has stemmed much of Portugal's spiritual renaissance.

Here, in a village named for a Moorish girl converted to Catholicism, Our Lady appeared in 1917 to three shepherd children, one of whom is still living as a Religious in Spain. The Virgin appeared five times, in the months from May to October, exhorting people to do penance and practise greater devotion to the Rosary. The extraordinary fidelity of the Portuguese people to Mary, which had never been stamped out in all the years of Masonic domination and persecution, received an enormous impetus. On May 13, 1938, 500,000 pilgrims came from all parts of the little country to pray at this shrine of Our Lady.

Hospitals, convents and other centers have grown up around the three shrines commemorating the three places of her appearance. The walls of a very large church are now being raised. In a few years, Fatima will undoubtedly be built into a lovely modern town.

We did not visit it on a day of pilgrimage; but even then, a stray pilgrim or two came in on every bus. We were just in time for Benediction. Every villager seemed to come; the men from the fields, the workers from the road, the builders of the new shrine, and the housewives with their black lace cowls. After Benediction, the host of the "Holy Family Inn" took us to see the new additions to the village. A Belgian Carmelite nun, whose convent we were asked to visit, was very interested in America. One of her last requests was the name of the President of the United States.

At seven o'clock we were back at the little chapel for Mass. In spite of the fewness of pilgrims, the chapel was filled—again with the good folk of the village. Their heavy boots resounded on the wooden floor as they came in. Almost everyone went to Communion. In order to prevent just such expression of devotion to religion, the civil authorities imprisoned and persecuted the three child *voyants* in 1917. Those great "democrats" know now that this and all other devices are powerless to change the heart of the Portuguese peasant. We can see why many religious Portuguese credit all their country's remarkable resurgence to Our Lady of Fatima.

TO VIANA DO CASTELO, OUR LADY OF SORROWS

We arrived at Viana in the middle of August, in time for the festival in honor of *Nossa Senhora d'Agonia*. Viana is an ancient and beautiful town with a definite character of its own. The dwelling houses are of true Portuguese architecture, the rich Manueline, and many of them date back to Portugal's golden age, the Age of Discovery. Many streets are cobbled. Through these streets marched hundreds upon hundreds of *peregrinos*. For the three days of the festival, or as the Portuguese call it, the *romaria*, the population of Viana, normally about 12,000, is more than doubled.

Here, we were told, was the true Portugal, the true Portuguese type. Certainly, these Portuguese of the north bore a striking resemblance to the Irish, not only in appearance but in manner and way of life. Even in this festival-festooned town, even in their brilliantly adorned regional costumes and extravagant gold filigree jewelry, they never lost a certain sweetness and gravity that set them off definitely from the more volatile and uninhibited Spaniards.

They watched in utter silence as the lovely procession in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows wound its way past them. To foreign eyes, the realistically dressed statues and symbolic floats are new and strange. Every knee touched the ground as the Bishop of Braga gave his blessing. Afterwards, most of the pilgrims followed the famous statue of *Nossa Senhora d'Agonia* to her own church, there to offer up their prayers before the evening's festivities began.

No matter how late the dance, the singing or the fireworks, they appeared at early Mass the next morning. Many of them, to whom the train journey was a big expense, slept out all night. They scrupulously made the rounds of Viana's many churches, leaving their little offering at each. The church of Santa Luzia, high on a promontory that looks over into northern Spain, was crowded all day with a constant stream of country people.

For the foreign visitor, and there were many, the afternoon's bullfight was a revelation. The Portuguese are too gentle and love animals too much to enjoy seeing a killing, so the bull is never killed. The bullfight presented a beautiful exhibition of skill on the part of mounted bullfighters and lance-bearers whose aim was to place small darts in the bull's back. When this was accomplished, almost always with great grace and daring, cowbells were heard, and a group of the bull's fellows were let into the ring to escort him home. That was all. Everyone loved it.

We left Viana on a train crowded with north-country pilgrims, who soon began a serious discussion. A tall young peasant was backed up in his arguments by his handsome wife. A fat farmer hit his stick against the carriage floor for emphasis. A blue-eyed old man who could have easily been pictured walking along the roads of Ireland, gave his contribution in his own musical dialect. The subject of their earnest inquiry was—which is the most beautiful church in Portugal.

It developed that every church under consideration had been visited by each participant, with the exception of the church of Hieronymos at Lisbon. Only the fat farmer had spent any time at the capital, and thus he was able to explain how the first gold and silver from Portugal's colonies is still on the altars. Finally, the choice was narrowed down to two, *Batalha*, the Gothic monument to the victory of Portugal over Spain, and *Bom Jesus do Monte*, a noted shrine at Braga. The older members of the party held out with great warmth for Braga to the end.

These are the people for whom Dr. Salazar and his government are working so tirelessly and accomplishing so much. They are worthy of all the effort.

TO VALENÇA, THE PEOPLES' THEATRE

The cultural renaissance of Portugal is keeping abreast of progress in other lines. Prize play contests were inaugurated to encourage modern *Gil Vicente's*. Haunting films, cast against the serene backgrounds of Portugal, have been made. Since the inhabitants of the remote country districts cannot go to the towns to see these native efforts, the theatre is carried to the country to them. Up almost to the Spanish border we followed the government-subsidized, itinerant theatre. To a field outside Valença came all the people from the surrounding countryside.

Two thousand men, women and children sat in the balmy night air to watch a touching drama of ordinary people like themselves. The backgrounds were those they could recognize; the problems were those they had faced. The leading character found regeneration by joining Franco's famous Foreign Legion, and thus in a way staving off invasion of his own country. The Left-wing intellectuals of New York who are accustomed in their favorite plays and novels to have their hero find peace and regeneration by operating a machine gun for "Spanish Democracy" might have been a little taken aback at the spontaneous applause which greeted the hero's choice.

Across from Valença shone the lights of Tuy, Spain. Only the River Minho separated them from the place where the dogs of war had for so many months been unleashed. They were too near the scene of action for such a fiction to take root as quickens the pulses of some of our New York intellectuals.

After the serious play, the audience was treated to Anton Chekhov's *The Marriage Proposal*. Any one who questioned, as I did, the ability of the Portuguese workman to "take" Chekhov, would be answered as I was by the laughter that greeted the broadly farcical situations. Then, still smiling, all went across the fields to their homes. The theatre itself and all the scenery were packed into great trucks to take a little brightness into another remote hamlet. In the words of Antonio Ferro at the first performance of the theatre of the people; "After reality, poetry. After our daily bread, our dream of nights!"

COME IN ON THE DOUBLE-ANTI

JOHN A. TOOMEY



IMAGINE the tempestuous national protest and resistance that would spring into being if anything like the following were to happen. Suppose, some morning, radio programs all over the land were suddenly interrupted while startled voices of announcers shrieked out the alarming news: "An army of Nazi-Soviet troops is debarking at New York." Picture the fury that would be provoked were the high command of the invading legions to issue the following proclamation to the American people: "We have no design on any department of American life except your schools. We contemplate no interference with your Federal, State or local Governments. We merely desire to mold the thought of America's rising generation. Your Declaration of Independence, which expresses the essential philosophy of your present form of Government, is based on the idea that God created man and endowed him with inalienable rights, that the sole function of Government is to safeguard these rights. We do not believe in God or religion, and hence do not consider that man has any inalienable rights, since he could have such rights only if God exist.

"Into the plastic minds of your boys and girls, the teachers and professors whom we have brought with us will pour atheism, active disbelief in God, scorn for religion. And thus, the foundation of your Declaration of Independence and the Constitution which is its embodiment will be destroyed. Through our control of your educational institutions we will, in twenty or thirty years, produce a generation that will not believe in God or religion or Declaration or Constitution, and this generation will ultimately constitute a majority of your voters. By ballots, not bullets, it will gradually change your form of Government from a democracy to a totalitarian state, for democracy cannot long endure when its roots are torn from the soil of God and religion."

One may, without possessing clairvoyant powers, safely predict the violent reaction of American parents to such a proclamation. And yet, by a strange paradox, American fathers and mothers in every State of the Union are complacently witnessing the invasion of the schools, colleges and universities by indoctrinators who are quietly effecting exactly what the imaginary Nazi-Soviet pronouncement proposed to effect. A small clique of educators has penetrated deeply into the nation's educational system and is actively atheizing young America and knocking the props from beneath the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. By their announced doctrines they have, in effect, issued to the American people a proclamation amazingly similar to the imaginary Nazi-Soviet pronouncement.

In his pamphlet, *The Real Threat to American Liberties*, Thomas F. Woodlock points out that totalitarianism, in order to succeed in the United States, must adopt a democratic disguise. He asserts: "It is in the educational system of our country that there lies the danger of totalitarianism in the clothing of democracy." Identifying the atheizing influence which denies "each and every formal principle" of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Woodlock says: "I refer to that body of theories concerning the nature of man and his relations to society which is contained in the writings of Prof. John Dewey together with those of a group of educators, who have united themselves in the John Dewey Society and whose activities have centered around Teachers College of Columbia University in the city of New York."

One may perceive how deeply the doctrines of the Dewey group have already penetrated into the American educational system by a survey made in 1933 and described by Dr. Geoffrey O'Connell in his book, *Naturalism in American Education*. A questionnaire was dispatched to 2,000 members in seventy teacher-training institutions in the United States in an endeavor to ascertain which of "two opposed philosophies of life and education" they preferred. The survey revealed that "about half of the instructors engaged in preparing future American teachers" chose the "naturalistic doctrines of Dewey, Kilpatrick and others."

There is no need for the Nazi-Soviet atheizers. American educators are performing the job very effectively. The foe is in our midst, actively at work in our schools, colleges and universities, undermining God and religion, and consequently, the very foundations of the American form of Government. If he is not stopped, the next generation will not believe in that form of Government and will change it. American fathers and mothers hold no indignation meetings, breathe forth no fiery protests because they do not realize what is going on. The process is somewhat subtle. When one mentions the Dewey school of thought, most people think reference is being made to Thomas E. Dewey, the Presidential candidate. One gentleman, indeed, exclaimed: "If Dewey holds doctrines like that, I won't vote for him."

The Double-Anti Contest, announced by AMERICA two weeks ago, is designed to arouse the American public to the fact that the most dangerous threat to religion in the United States and to the American form of Government comes not from foreign foes but from our own schools, colleges and universities. It urges everyone—Catholic, Protestant and Jew—to forward to the Double-Anti Contest Editor of AMERICA examples of anything anti-American or anti-religious connected, directly or indirectly, with the nation's educational system. We desire examples from every State in the Union. May we ask that you, wide-awake reader and your alert friends, dispatch to us as many examples of the Double-Anti as you can, and thus participate in this unveiling to the gaze of the American people the anti-American and anti-religious influences that are loose in the schools!

MY DAY—IT MAY BE DONE; BUT IT WAS A GOOD OLD DAY

It is Mrs. Patrick Crowley, Herself, who does the talking

DORAN HURLEY

MY DAY? Ah, lad, my day is nearly over. I have had my day. My day is gone. Yes, it looks as though my day were done . . . mine and a whole lot like me.

I hope and pray that it's not altogether gone. I do . . . every time I say my prayers. But I don't know; I don't know. I pick up the paper of an evening and all I see in black headlines is divorce and birth control and crimes and wars. Old-fashioned I may be, but I can't help thinking there's a close connection there somewhere. If the whole world seems to have grown very unsteady, to say the least, what else can you expect? Barring our own people, there's no such thing as a home or a family any more.

What kind of goings-on is that? How can you love your brother that's a Finn or a Pole or a German or a Frenchman, if you never grew up to know any brother at all? Or if the only brother you do have is by some other mother or father, and you know as much about him as you do about Charlie Ross or who struck Billy Patterson, how can you love him?

Did we have no crime in my day? We did, indeed. There were a whole lot of us didn't belong to the Holy Name or the Children of Mary, or the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor for that matter. Original sin was around then just as much as it is today. And if we were more refined in our talk and not given to calling a spade by its name right out, we recognized a dirty shovel always for what it was. Murder was murder, adultery was adultery. We didn't exalt the one to the skies as planned parenthood and the other as companionate connubiality; and preen our feathers to think that our boy or our girl instead of a Joseph and Mary and Patrick and Brigid had an automobile, an electric refrigerator, a super-radio and afternoons free to play bridge. We did *not*! Nor did we run out to the neighbors to yell with joy that our Dorothy or our Gladys—after six tries—finally had seemed to pick out a man she could marry and live with . . . at least until it was time for the divorce.

We planned as parents in my day. Indeed, we did; but we planned after the children came as well as before. We planned for them, not against them ever. We planned that every child Almighty God

blessed us with would have a better chance than our own fathers and mothers had been able to give us. We lay awake in the night, planning; and we stinted and sacrificed during the day that our plans—with God's help—might come true. In my day, we thought that was progress: to give the next generation a better chance than we had.

We were poor enough, the most of us, in worldly goods, and we had to work hard. We had no motor cars nor radios. But there is no joy in a fine automobile's running like the joy it is when your baby first toddles to you across the floor. And no music at all like that baby's soft prattle.

No, in that day there were still those among us who knew Mr. Lincoln and had served with General Grant. And if we had only the coal fire in the kitchen itself, they had had only logs and brush in a smoky fireplace. They had started in life poorer than we, and yet they had reached the highest place in the land. And maybe, soft and foolish as we were about our young ones, maybe something like that was in our own fond planning.

Pioneer? What are you talking about? Just because in my day we had no steam heat and hot and cold running water, because we bathed in a tub in the kitchen, and washed and cooked and sewed and had the fear and love of God in our hearts, you think we were pioneers? We were *not*! We never thought so. Nor did my Aunt Ann and my Aunt Kate when they went across the plains to California in a wagon think they were pioneers. They never thought about it at all. They thought about their husbands and the better chance it might give them. They thought about their children and the greater opportunities for them.

Don't ever call me a pioneer woman! It leaves a bad taste in my mouth. The paper is full of pioneer women and pioneer men as it is. She was a pioneer in the birth-control movement; he was a pioneer in sex freedom; she was the pioneer six-times-divorced woman to swim the English Channel; he was the pioneer founder of the Kindergarten Communist League. Pioneer, how are you?

I do not believe woman's place is in the home! I'm not that old-fashioned, and I never was. But I see no harm in saying that I think woman's place is in the home at least some of the time. I certainly

don't think woman's place is gadding about the streets, or dashing around hither and thither like a hen with its head off, night and day, day in and day out. No wonder they have to plan their motherhood. It's a pity for them that God didn't plan it so that all there was to having a baby was to have it pop up out of an automatic toaster between bridge hands. But He didn't. He planned it differently; and it's still His world and of His planning . . . no matter how much it annoys some of these progressive pioneers. And it must be very annoying not to have caught on to being a pioneer early. As I see it, the only way in which you can save yourself from scientific scorn, if you were late catching up on your parental planning, is to dash off in six different directions and spread the grand news about planned parenthood to others. Hoping all the time, of course, that the children you wouldn't *have* had if you *had* had the sense, will make up for your unfortunate backwardness by divorcing themselves as quickly as possible. The least they could do for you would be to make it possible for you to get an approving nod from a real live Earl.

My own day now? How do I spend it? Oh, I'm a great gadabout. I'm as bad as the rest of them, I suppose, in that way. But I have neither kith nor kin. I'm all alone and the last of my line. I never had but the one boy and he died unmarried in the war with Spain. He gave his life for his country and I offered up my sacrifice with him. But I wouldn't be on the go if God had blessed me with other children or with grandchildren that bore my name. As it is, I'm sure my going does no harm. It puts no wrong ideas into anybody's head.

How old am I? Well, it's a good long time since I was a daughter, I'll tell you that much. I'm as old as Ann. I'm old enough to have grown sense whether or not I was born with it.

I'm old enough to know that the peace I have in my life has come from the God Who blessed me in my parents, my husband and the single child He allotted me. I am old enough to know that in trying to do my duty to them I did His holy will.

And if I am a bit of a gadabout now, it's only that I try to spend my day in His service. I can't help very much at my age; but after my own Mass and Communion, there's often a Requiem or a Month's Mind at the church for some other poor soul in whose behalf I can add my bit of prayer. And it might well be that Sister Ignatius of the White Sisters has found someone in her nursing rounds that I could help out with a little sewing or some little delicacy. I go over to our own convent for Benediction always in the afternoon, and sometimes there's little things I can do for Reverend Mother and the Sisters that they can't get out and do. Often, too, I'll have a little bundle of Catholic papers and magazines for the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary that I trot down with. And, of course, there's the altars at church. I do my best to keep them looking nice.

As for the rest of it, my day now amounts to nothing at all. It's not worth talking about. The only kind of a day that would be, a hundred women here in the Old Parish live every day of their lives.

That's the only kind of a day worth mentioning, the day of a wife who matters and a mother who matters. Yes, and all over the land there are thousands more like them, working and praying and sacrificing, standing shoulder to shoulder with their men and rearing their children to the glory of God.

Social service? Why wouldn't I get into that? Son, I've been in social service all my life. Every Catholic woman has. But in my day we called it by no fancy name. It was simply that we were all neighbors together, one family to another. It wasn't considered bad taste in those days to have a family and to be proud to belong to it, and eager to have a family of your own, if God willed it.

Social service and social reform! The Little Sisters of the Poor came regularly to my door long before there was any talk of old-age pensions. The Saint Vincent de Paul took care of our poor in the parish when the alphabet was just something you scrawled on your slate. Florence Nightingale learned all she knew from the Irish nursing nuns she brought to the Crimea; and the Sisters the wounded soldiers called the Angels of the Battlefield were on hand before Clara Barton organized the Red Cross.

Give them all their just due . . . but let them give us our rightful share of it, with all this talk of social service and social reform. And don't let them ever tell you we were only neighbors to our own. We were not. I've lived close by to as many Protestant and Jewish families in my day as I have Catholics, and we were always neighbors together. In time of sorrow or trouble they were right on hand; and so, I hope, was I. Yes, indeed, and there's many a time one of them would ask me to light a candle for them when their load was hard. And I did that, too, and had the Sisters pray for them.

We were all Americans together. I'm proud to be an American, and my people were proud of it in their day. My father and my Patrick served in the Civil War and my only son died for his country in the war with Spain. I never forgot I was Irish. I gave freely of my time and my strength in my day to help Ireland throw off the bondage of the invader. I am doing all I can now for invaded Finland and invaded Poland. As an American, I stand for liberty and freedom and true democracy, the will of the people everywhere.

But never, under any circumstances, have I or could I as a Catholic American lend any countenance whatsoever to any group or any man whose doctrines in form or substance leaned toward the betrayal of the ideals of morality and government for which my father and husband fought and for which I gladly gave my son.

I may be old, and I may be old-fashioned. It may be my day is done. It would seem so by the newspaper headlines. Yet, after all, the plain good wives and mothers of the country never made the headlines in my day. And it's not they who are in the headlines now. No, I feel they are carrying on their day as I carried on mine. And not Catholic women alone but a goodly and godly percentage of Protestants and Jews as well. May the Holy Family bless us all!

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Speaking to the Pan American Union on its fiftieth anniversary, President Roosevelt referred to "absurd doctrines of race supremacy," declared the peace of the Western Hemisphere can be maintained "only if we are prepared to meet force with force if challenge is ever made." Remarking that the American Republics had "worked out ways and means for keeping war away from this hemisphere," Mr. Roosevelt continued: "I pray God that we shall not have to do more than that; but should it be necessary, I am convinced that we should be wholly successful." . . . In a statement issued at the White House, President Roosevelt stated: "Force and military aggression are once more on the march against small nations, in this instance through the invasion of Denmark and Norway." The Government of the United States "reiterates, with undiminished emphasis, . . . its disapprobation of such unlawful exercise of force," the President said. . . . Following the statement of Hachiro Arita, Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, expressing Japan's concern for the maintenance of the status quo of the Netherlands East Indian possessions, Secretary Hull pointed to international agreements pledging respect for the rights of the Netherlands in their Pacific insular possessions, and declared that "intervention in the domestic affairs of the Netherlands Indies or any alteration of their status quo by other than peaceful processes would be prejudicial to the cause of stability, peace and security . . . in the entire Pacific area," and asserted that "the United States unequivocally stands" for this doctrine.

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CONGRESS. The Senate approved \$15,000,000 to begin work on new locks for the Panama Canal, authorized \$99,000,000 additional for contractual commitments on the project for the fiscal year commencing July 1. The House previously voted against both these appropriations. . . . The Senate passed the measure to create nine new Federal judgeships. . . . Representatives Healey and Murdock, members of the House committee investigating the National Labor Relations Board, issued a minority report objecting to all the amendments to the National Labor Relations Act proposed by the majority of the committee. . . . A measure providing for automatic reapportionment of the House after each decennial census in the event Congress fails to enact new apportionment legislation passed the House and the Senate. . . . Following intensification of the war abroad, the Army and Navy pressed Congress for augmented funds, the Navy requesting a twenty-five per cent increase over the authorized building program. . . . In a fourth Government Reorganization Plan, dispatched to Congress, President Roosevelt proposed to merge the

Civil Aeronautics Authority and the Air Safety Board and to place the new body with the name, Civil Aeronautics Board, under the Department of Commerce. Senator McCarran declared the plan would destroy "five years of effort to make the CAA an effective independent organization." Unless Congress disapproves the plan, the CAA will cease to be an independent agency, become a Commerce Department bureau. . . . In reporting the Logan-Walter bill, which seeks to make more than a hundred Federal bureaus and agencies subject to judicial review and to operate under uniform rules of practice and procedure, the House Judiciary Committee said: "Because of lack of sufficient legal control of them, a few agency officials developed Messiah complexes," and began to "reform the United States, regardless of the terms of the statutes, the Constitution, or anything else." . . . Representative Cox charged that the Securities and Exchange Commission and the National Labor Relations Board have been "thinking in large part in doctrines emanating from Moscow. . . . Despite New Deal opposition, the House, 279 to 97, passed the Logan-Walter measure. . . . President Roosevelt requested Congress to make a first appropriation of \$975,000,000 for the next fiscal year and for authority to spend it during the first eight months of that year. . . . The Senate voted \$963,797,478 to the Navy.

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WASHINGTON. While both were testifying before the Dies Committee, Maxwell Wallach of Detroit said he was informed that Anthony De Maio, an Abraham Lincoln Brigade officer, had killed his son, Albert Wallach, and six others, "rather than let them return and let Americans know what the Communists were doing in Spain." William C. McCuiston testified he saw De Maio kill two men in a Barcelona cafe. Mr. Wallach severely criticized Attorney General Jackson for dismissing indictments against seventeen Detroiters accused of recruiting for the Red army in Spain. Witnesses testified that Moscow suggested the international brigades, which followed the Soviet model, incorporated political commissars and espionage. Earl Browder addressed the American volunteers in Spain, testimony declared. Three additional Communists refused to furnish the Dies Committee with lists of party members. One, Elmer L. Johnson, said he had been secretary of A. F. of L. painters union No. 637 in Chicago. . . . Senator Bridges assailed Attorney General Jackson for calling off the indictments against Communists in Detroit while the trial in New York of seventeen men charged with attempting to overthrow the Government was being pressed. Mr. Jackson characterized the Senator as the "infante terrible" of the contem-

porary scene. . . . The Government of Iceland expressed a desire to enter into direct relations with the United States. . . . Washington indicated its willingness. . . . The Treasury Department ordered customs collectors to use the official British rate of \$4.03½ as sterling exchange rate for duties on exports from Great Britain, to disregard the low unofficial sterling rate.

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AT HOME. James A. Colescott, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, issued decrees forbidding masks in the Klan regalia, restricting parades and the burning of the "fiery cross." Trials of seventeen members and former members of the Klan for night-riding, floggings and terrorism commenced in Georgia. . . . Liners arriving in New York reported that Great Britain had commenced taking off mail bound for the United States for censorship.

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WAR. The Allies announced they were planting the hugest mine field ever laid to bar German supplies for Norway. The announced field covers the Skagerrak, the Kattegat and large areas of the North Sea. Since it would require a long time to sow such an extended field, the announcement was interpreted as signifying the Allies would henceforth feel at liberty to mine the area at any time without further warning. . . . Charging the British with bombing a railroad station in Schleswig-Holstein, Berlin intimated it might retaliate in kind. . . . General Von Falkenhorst, commanding the Reich troops in Norway, told the Norwegians that since their Government would not cooperate with him, they themselves must decide "the fate of their Fatherland." . . . In reply, King Haakon called on his people to fight for their freedom in this "the hardest test my country has had to face for 100 years. God save Norway." . . . The German army strengthened its hold on central and southern Norway, despite resistance from Norwegian troops. The lightning German invasion found the Norwegian army largely unmobilized. Many Norwegians were fighting in other than their own regiments. False orders flashed to Norwegian commanders by Germans heightened the confusion. . . . After one unsuccessful attempt, the Allies succeeded in landing troops in the vicinity of Narvik, northern Norwegian port. German and Allied forces battled for the town. Norwegian authorities urged the Allies to land troops further south. . . . Infliction of heavy losses on the Germany navy was reported by the Allies. Berlin claimed serious damage to the British fleet.

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GREAT BRITAIN. Declared Prime Minister Chamberlain: "No people, however meek, however peaceful and however harmless they may be, can be safe until this mad dog is destroyed. Every day gives us some new demonstration of Germany's utter disregard of religion, mercy, truth and justice." . . . The London Foreign Office issued a communique asserting: "The Norwegian Government has informed

His Majesty's Government that German aircraft evidently have orders to attack the King of Norway personally, as they are bombing each successive place he stays in. This action follows the refusal of King Haakon to negotiate in person with the German Minister at Oslo." . . . Sir Ronald H. Cross, Minister of Economic Warfare, asserted if Italy wishes to be treated as a neutral "she must behave like one. . . . We should like to know where we stand with Italy." . . . King George VI forwarded to Norwegian King Haakon assurance of the fullest aid in Britain's power. . . . First Lord of the Admiralty Churchill revealed Britain had occupied the Faeroe Islands to hold them for Denmark.

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CHINA-JAPAN. The American Ambassador to China, Nelson T. Johnson, reported the bombing by Nipponese flyers of a Catholic mission hospital in Hunan Province on April 12, and of the Catholic mission at Linchwan, in Kiangsi Province, on April 13. In the latter instance, heavy casualties but not of Americans were reported. . . . In addition to Buddhists, Tokyo appointed thirty Christian chaplains for service with Japanese troops in China. . . . An election failed to give Japan control of the Municipal Council of the International Settlement in Shanghai, despite strenuous Nipponese efforts. Control was kept by the British. . . . Tokyo announced it would reopen to general navigation the Pearl River, connecting Canton with the outside world via Hong Kong and Macao. The river has been closed since the Japanese took Canton in October, 1938. . . . Japanese Foreign Minister Hachiro Arita, stressing his nation's interest in the Netherlands East Indies, intimated Japan would oppose any extension of the war to the Dutch possessions, or participate in any status quo change.

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FOOTNOTES. In Russian-occupied Poland, the Soviets sentenced to death a Polish policeman who raided a Communist meeting in 1931. . . . Pope Pius issued a world-wide appeal for prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary during the month of May for the return of peace. The Holy Father especially pleaded that "the white hosts of children may throng the shrines of Our Lady." . . . Anti-British demonstrations occurred in Milan. Italy denied British reports that Bari, Adriatic port, had been closed. . . . Balkan diplomats in London declared the Italian Navy was concentrating for maneuvers at the Dodecanese Islands near the entrance to the Dardanelles. . . . Belgium turned a deaf ear to British suggestions that it and other neutral nations accept Allied "preventive aid." . . . On a hunger strike since February 25, Anthony Darcy, an I.R.A. prisoner of Headford, County Galway, died. . . . General Penaranda del Castillo was inaugurated as President of Bolivia. He was elected March 10. His assumption of office marked the first time since 1931 that the Government changed hands without a coup. . . . In Bucharest, Rumania, the Government imposed a ban on the making of new contracts for exports of cereals.

STUDENTS PLAN PEACE

LAST year some forty-five schools cooperated in the annual National Catholic Student Peace Day held at Georgetown University under the auspices of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the Catholic Student Peace Federation. This year the third of these annual meetings will be held in the same place. The students have chosen May 1, following a simple idea that there is no particular reason why the beginning of Our Lady's month should remain indefinitely leased to her bitterest enemies.

These young people might be discouraged when they compare this year's circumstances with the last. Then there were threats; now there is disaster. Peace pleas have been ignored; and they meet today as advocates of a seemingly lost cause.

Catholic college students, as a rule, are not amorous of lost causes. If peace were hopeless, they would prefer to put in an extra day at home for the Finals. This time, however, a job is cut out for them. They can declare, as students and as Catholics, their determination that this country shall maintain peace and not be drawn into this war.

The job is not easy. It will demand the best brains and leadership which our Catholic students can marshal; now at Georgetown, later at similar meetings through the country. Objections to war are easily registered but it is not easy to register objections which will prevent all possible confusion of the peace issue, as seen by Christians and Catholics, with the mere Communist "anti-war" stand.

The Communist-influenced youth groups will make every effort to create that confusion. It is enormously in their own interest to do so. They will be skilfully aided by the Nazi propagandists in the attempt to paint the European struggle as a purely economic conflict; a mere squabble, on a huge scale, between those who enjoy the fruits of exploiting imperialism and those who are deprived of them. When the picture becomes sufficiently lurid, they can set their own particular variety of dogs barking at Christianity, supposedly gloating over the spoils.

The practical peace position of the American Catholic student rests not upon any sympathy with this materialistic cynicism, but upon his complete dissent from its premises. Imperialistic passions are set loose in the war, and all human passions with them. But the issue remains the preservation of Christianity and of the liberty of the human spirit, in the words of last year's student Peace Credo: "Christian hope over defeatism and despair; justice over robbery; the power of the Holy Spirit over pagan pride and charity over hate."

American students can do a tremendous work if they can clearly show how the preservation of our country from participation in the present conflict is the world's surest guarantee for peace and justice; that neutrality can become an instrument on behalf of the right. Though we face "grave difficulties," in the words of Pope Pius XII on March 3, in such a proposal, discouragement and skepticism should not prevent its fulfilment.

EDITOR

OUR MOTHER

MAY is now and then a month of flowers, but it is always a month that brings thoughts of that sweetest of all the flowers that have ever bloomed, Our Lady, Mother of Jesus, and our Mother. There are times when, tired and dispirited, we are like little children that need a mother's caress, and in Mary, we can always find the love of the tenderest of mothers. The world too is tired today, because it has forgotten Jesus and Mary. As we turn to Mary in the month of May to praise her and to show our love, we can ask her to look with love and compassion upon all whom war scourges.

OUR BENEVOLENT

THREE times yearly the Office of Government Reports issues a stout volume entitled *United States Government Manual*. It purports to give "integrated, authoritative information on the organization and functions of the departments and agencies of the Federal Government." The edition for October, 1939, contains 551 pages, including some thirty-six charts, intended to show, probably, how beautifully the departments, bureaus and agencies of the Government work together. With all respect to its diligent compiler, the volume should be styled *United States Bureaucracy Manual*.

Whether the Logan-Walter bill, now pending in Congress, will reduce this publication to the slender compass of ten pages and no charts, is a matter for speculation. The answer depends upon what Congress will do with the bill. Last year, in a moment of abstraction, the Senate passed it unanimously, but the bill was recalled, when its true nature became known, and the Senate hurriedly tossed it into a convenient wastebasket.

The prospect for the enactment of the bill is not bright. It is opposed by every big and little bureaucrat at Washington. It is detested by those leaders of the brain-trust who really believe that Congress and the courts ought to be abolished, or at least put in chains, so that the country can be governed by a benevolent autocrat. As for the President, he has based his opposition on the ground that the bill will "slow up the administrative process."

The President's keen eye has detected the

LINCOLN SAID

WHEN Lincoln said: "Stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong," he stated the position of every honest and intelligent voter. To follow a political leader in these days, without first assuring ourselves that he is right, is to go along a path of danger. To follow him blindly when we doubt that he is right, carries us farther along that path. To follow him brazenly when we know he is wrong, carries us over the precipice. As we prepare to elect a President, Senators and Representatives, it is well to recall Lincoln's advice.

OLD BUREAUCRATS

dynamite in this bill. It would not only slow up some types of the administrative process, but blow them to bits. Speed is not the sole element in government; sometimes we must be slow in order to be safe. Nor is government, essentially, a hit-and-miss process. Its more intricate operations demand planning and constant re-checking. But the Logan-Walter bill will harm no administrative process of any kind that is compatible with constitutional ideals in government. It will aid them by conciliating respect for the Government's normal processes. What it absolutely bans is the custom, adopted by most of the Government's agencies, of passing laws from which there is no appeal. Roving commissioners exercise more authority than ever Congress claims.

It is always dangerous to authorize these quasi-judicial bodies to make rules which have the effect of law. It is sometimes necessary, but it should always be carefully watched, and appeal to the courts should be guaranteed. It is not dangerous, but disastrous, to allow even this limited power to a board, controlled by an official who is unwilling to accept any check on his authority. The committee which reported out the bill has observed: "Any procedure for hearings affords an opportunity for delay. No one questions that an autocrat, if benevolent, may not be the most effective administrator. But the United States is not founded on autocracy."

It will soon be, if the principles underlying the Logan-Walter bill are rejected by Congress.

ABOVE THE LAW

WITCH hunts and Communist hunts have much in common. They are a particularly unpleasant form of tyranny, wholly out of place in a constitutional government. As members of a political party, Communists have the same standing before the law as members of the Camp Fire Girls, and there is as much reason for hunting down one group as the other. But when men travel under names not their own, obtain passports by perjury, and violate the law in other respects, the fact that they are Communists does not protect them.

That was the law until recently. With the coming of a new Attorney-General, who lost no time in freeing a group of Communists under indictment in Detroit, we began to doubt. That doubt has not been dispelled by anything the Attorney-General has done since that time. It has been deepened. We share the thirst for knowledge expressed in the Senate, on April 11, by Senator Bridges, when he said: "I should like to learn whether the Department [of Justice] is to be used to deal leniently with, or to give protection to Communists. Are Communists to be treated as being above the law?"

There is reason for the Senator's inquiry. To his direct question, pertaining to the Detroit Communists, no one will ever be able to give an answer, since the Attorney-General dismissed the indictments, and in a statement given out by the Department to the press announced that the Government would not prosecute. The reason assigned for this action is probably the most remarkable ever admitted publicly by a prosecutor. It is, substantially, that the acts complained of, and for which the indictments had been secured, had occurred not only in Detroit, but in other parts of the country as well, that the Government knew all about them at the time, and that "since these acts were not prosecuted when they were new or current, it seems inappropriate to begin prosecution for activities so long known to the Government."

This alibi could hardly be more astonishing had the Attorney-General written "so long and so favorably known to the Government." Put in other words, the explanation seems to mean that a criminal ought to be free of prosecution, provided that a tolerant Administration, with an unadmitted admiration for Left-wing radicalism, turns a blind eye to crime, and provided further, that the felonies are committed in many parts of the country by the aid of numerous accomplices. Solo crime may be dangerous, but choral crime is safe.

Of course, the Attorney General does not really embrace this monstrous doctrine. For the present, he merely acts upon it, adding that hereafter the Federal Bureau of Investigation will carefully scrutinize similar activities, and that the Department of Justice will be "diligent to apply the statute." But a promise of diligence coming close on the heels of admitted negligence is not reassuring. The Attorney-General may change his mind.

In his speech in the Senate, Senator Bridges implied that the mind of the Department of Justice

is not only subject to change, but in other ways also is curiously and wonderfully made. Last year, Congress enacted a bill making it illegal to act as an agent for a foreign country unless the name of the agent was first registered at the State Department. A few small-fry Communists were indicted five months later. They pleaded guilty, paid a fine, and the jail sentence was suspended.

But one Charles Recht, for some years agent for a number of Soviet corporations, who did not register until last December, has not been indicted. Nor have any indictments been found against the five other Soviet agents, among them Robert Minor, engaged in Communist propaganda, who waited until March 16 of the present year to register. As Senator Bridges asks: "Are they going to be prosecuted for violating the law since July 1? Or is there some powerful personage in or behind the Department of Justice who is going to protect them from just punishment for violating our laws? Where does this immunity come from? Where do the Communists get their protection?"

The Dies Committee has repeatedly complained that it can get no help from the Department of Justice. Again and again it has submitted prima facie evidence to the Department, asking for a thorough investigation. It has asked in vain.

We repeat Senator Bridges' question: "Where do the Communists get their protection?" It has been charged that certain Communists have threatened to disclose connections with "New Deal" officials that might prove embarrassing in the coming campaign, if these and other indictments were prosecuted. For that charge there is no tangible evidence, but the tenderness of the Department of Justice in dealing with known Communist agents gives it at least a color of truth. The questions put by Senator Bridges should be considered, if not by the Department of Justice, then by a fearless Senate committee.

WHITE EMPLOYERS

OUR valued contemporary *The Ecclesiastical Review* briefly discusses a case of conscience in its April issue, referring to the liceity of "shopping on a holy day of obligation." The case presents no great difficulty, but it suggests a question that is at least akin. What of the liceity of buying from shops whose owners are known to pay their employees less than a living-wage?

We merely suggest that question for discussion, and leave the decision to the learned. But apart from all question of the sinfulness of patronizing employers of this kind, what has become of that proposal to draw up a White List of shop-owners who treat their employees like human beings?

That scheme was proposed in these pages, and by the *Review*, some years ago. Are decent shop-owners so few and inconspicuous that the groups which proposed to draw up the List were unable to discover them? There must be some worthy of inclusion on a White List. If not, then our condition is worse than we thought.

IN HIS NAME

WITHIN the last few years, we have learned much about the art of begging. In a sense, the United States has become a land of mendicants. Millions go about, begging for a chance to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. Others, more happily established, have grown very skilful in begging for their less fortunate brethren. Some of us have been obliged to beg for ourselves and our families. We need not refer to our school administrators, because to be a Catholic educator, one must be willing, even anxious, to beg at all times for the lambs of the flock.

As every begger worth his salt knows, it is always helpful, and sometimes quite necessary, to have good connections, as well as a good cause. The applicant for a job who can present a letter from the President of the United States, will not remain an applicant long. It is said that a man once asked the head of the house of Rothschild for a large loan. "I can't accommodate you now," replied Rothschild, "but I'll walk down the street with you into the Bank of England." He knew that his company would be a sufficient recommendation.

The arts of honest begging are many, but in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, xvi, 23-30), Our Lord shows us how we can become beggars whose requests will always be answered. "If you ask the Father anything in my name," He taught the Apostles, "he will give it you." We cannot assume that Jesus spoke these words lightly. Since He is Infinite Wisdom, He knew all that they implied. Since He is infinitely truthful, He meant exactly what He said. But how many of us act as if they were true?

It may be objected that Our Lord did not really wish us to take "anything" in a literal sense, but only in the sense of "any spiritual favor." But it was a prayer in the Name of Jesus through which God cured the lame man that Peter and John met. It was also in the Name of Jesus that Paul brought back that singularly obtuse young man who fell out of the window and was killed, while the Apostle of the Gentiles was preaching. It was through prayer in the Name of Jesus that the Apostles, and after them Saints in all ages, worked miracles for the alleviation of human suffering. It is true that God will not, in answer to our prayer, work a miracle which, while it would relieve our temporal necessities, would harm us spiritually. But it is equally true that Our Lord's "anything" must not be restricted. Whenever we have a real need, God will answer our petitions offered in the Name of His Son.

Underlying this objection is the assumption that our temporal needs are more important than our spiritual necessities. That is about the same as saying that the body is of more worth than the soul, that it is preferable to have a comfortable life in this fleeting world than perfect happiness forever in the world to come. We cannot get away from the truth that prayer in the Name of Jesus will always be answered in the most perfect way by Our loving Father in Heaven.

CORRESPONDENCE

PAGAN FARMERS

EDITOR: I have read with great interest the article entitled *The Farmers Are Taught How to Be Cultured Pagans* by John LaFarge in your April 6 issue. In view of the fact that I am a great believer in free criticism, I welcome such an article, however much it may miss the point. My only fear is that this article will encourage an intolerant reaction in a situation which otherwise gives promise of more friendly cooperation.

Without entering into some of the unnecessarily acrimonious points made by Father LaFarge, let me stress his very significant statement of the need of a Catholic agrarian philosophy. As my very good friend, Bishop Muench of Fargo, points out in his foreword to the excellent *Manifesto on Rural Life*, the Church is just awakening to the need of working in the agrarian field as zealously as it has in the city. There is so much work to be done, that Protestants should welcome the help of Catholics in promoting a better life for our rural people.

Father LaFarge is misinformed if he thinks that our work is intended to "mold the social philosophy of the rural people of the United States" or of "rural adults and youth" or to "explain to farmers the benefits of various agricultural agencies of the United States Government" or that "the materialistic philosophy of life and of society holds the floor." It is true that "there is no restraint on presenting a frankly materialistic philosophy of life and of society," nor is there any restraint on those who present the idealistic or any particular point of view.

We impose no restraints on our staff lecturers because we want them to state freely and frankly what they think about farm problems and farm programs. And in the discussions which accompany the lectures we encourage the same freedom. If "nowhere was there a hint that there is a God," we are obviously keeping the spirit of the separation of Church and state, a fundamental principle of this Government, from which the Catholic Church is a chief beneficiary. I dare say that if we undertook to sponsor religious teaching, Father LaFarge would be one of the first to protest, unless the doctrine happened to conform with his own belief.

To say that "doctrines may be attractively propounded which grossly contradict all that Christianity holds sacred concerning man, his nature, origin and destiny" is to show exactly the same weakness of faith which is the greatest enemy of our cultural and spiritual heritage. I have no fear of any criticisms that may be leveled against Christianity or anything that may be said or done against it, because I believe so firmly in its essential soundness and value and that it will prevail. As regards the agricultural program, I have enough confidence

in its soundness and value to warrant providing a forum for its severest critics.

Washington, D. C. CARL F. TAEUSCH
Division of Program Study and Discussion,
Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

EDITOR: Dr. Taeusch's mind may be more at rest if he understands that my observations were aimed primarily at arousing Catholics to take part in the discussion of agrarian problems—which he himself desires. Whether or not it be proper for a Federal agency like the B.A.E. to depart from the economic field and embark on general philosophic questions I leave to others to decide. But I very much wish the public to know that the discussions in this Washington school were not solely about "farm problems and farm programs," but were concerned with ultimate problems which flatly fall within the domain of religion. In Dr. Taeusch's own words: "The Schools present an invitation to philosophy, an invitation to a probing personal thinking-through of the root problems we face as individuals and as a nation: Where are we? How did we get here? Where do we want to go?"

Would Dr. Taeusch place "no restraint" on a staff lecturer who would advocate the overthrow of democratic government for Nazism I am completely skeptical.

With all his advocacy of free speech, Dr. Taeusch indicates that he does not want the name of God to be mentioned in these forums. But if the fear of infringing upon the separation of Church and state through any form of religious teaching does impose such caution upon the minds of those who sponsor the forums, the same sponsors should logically taboo matters which directly assail the convictions of religious people. The B.A.E., not Catholics, have raised these issues; and Catholics share a belief with many non-Catholics that to talk of religious matters without speaking of God is as reasonable as to talk of farming without mentioning the soil.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN LAFARGE

TERMINOLOGY

EDITOR: One can have nothing but admiration for any effort to lay bare immorality, subversive doctrine and hypocrisy. Such seems to be the purpose of your Double-Anti Contest, but I wonder if you haven't neglected to define terms.

John A. Toomey's article condemns subversive anti-Americanism, but also anti-Americanism with no qualifying adjectives. I surely do not believe he meant to convey the impression that America, past or present, is above reproach. In fact, we know it was founded by Protestants and has an overwhelmingly Protestant tradition. Any criticism of its faults must of necessity be anti-American. Anyone

advocating a return to the medieval ideal must be anti-American. Anyone who is struck by the nobility of the Spanish people, and writes about it, must to a good extent be anti-American. In short, why make a concession to the terminology of nationalism? Emphasis on morality, forthrightness and religion obviates any need for emphasizing Americanism.

I make this point not to split hairs, but to point out a symptom. If your many readers should go on a diligent search for everything unqualifiedly un-American, they would be turning in to you excerpts from such authors as Dawson, Belloc, Hollis, Wall, Berdaev and Ortega y Gasset.

North Englewood, N. J.

R. M. CASSIDY

SENSE OF HUMOR

EDITOR: You'll be knowing my nationality when I say I am thoroughly intolerant of Charles R. Delmage's criticism of Father Feeney's delightful *The Irish Adore You*.

Clipped it I have, to be keeping company with *The Brown Derby*, *Little Slipper Street*, *Cousin Willie*, etc., etc.

I'm thinking Mr. Delmage surely lost his sense of humor the day he wrote that letter to AMERICA. 'Tis reading it again he must, and this time note well between the lines and he'll find Father Feeney has as deep a love of the Irish as he himself and also a large slice of the humor so sadly lacking in his letter.

Buffalo, N. Y.

ELIZABETH CREIGHTON

EDITOR: I should like to apologize to Father Feeney for Mr. Delmage's letter in AMERICA (April 13).

Evidently the fairies cheated him of his sense of humor and I am sure the article gave cause for more chuckles than grunts.

May Father Feeney give us a great many more grins, for God knows they are needed in the world today.

I say too, God bless Ireland and each and everyone of us who love her, but may He deliver us from those who win for us the appellation, *thick*.

And quoting from another letter in AMERICA, "I feel much better, thank you."

New York, N. Y. MARGARET R. O'CONNELL

PEACE AND PACIFICISM

EDITOR: Deference for Alma Luise Olson prompts me to reply to her letter (AMERICA, April 13).

She states that we all want the same thing. Yes, we all want perpetual peace, but not necessarily perpetual neutrality.

Nations, as in the case of individuals, may be obligated in charity to defend other nations in certain cases of extreme dangers thrust upon them unjustly by invaders, and under certain circumstances.

Miss Olson is thinking of the Holy See's peace efforts rather than of any Papal pacifism when she adduces Pius XII as an authority for her position.

The Holy See is in no way one-hundred per-cent pacifist and never will be. But the Church is one hundred per cent for peace.

I place some strictures upon Miss Olson's remarks in her book in regard to religion. In reviewing a book which somewhat publicizes the view that a religion should be creedless I may be pardoned for objecting to that view. I doubt that she really means it; nevertheless, she uses words to that effect.

However, Miss Olson's book still remains a good work. Pacifism is not the main theme and the references to religion may be considered as *obiter dicta*. The value of the book lies in its sincere, colorful and scholarly portrayal of the contemporary *mores* of the Scandinavian people. The same refreshing brave tone that is evident in her letter to AMERICA is even more vibrant in her book, *Scandinavia: the Background for Neutrality*.

Miss Olson need not fear a little criticism of her book. I predict that it will be selling ten years from now when most of the current literature of this sort shall be forgotten.

Worcester, Mass.

PATRICK J. HIGGINS

NUN'S RAGE

EDITOR: I am gnashing (pronounce the *g* to get the desired effect) my teeth with regard to Anthony Dunn's implication in his recent article on music. I am afraid that at the present moment he would think me neither "gentle nor retired." His insinuation that policemen have need of a more virile type of religion than have nuns makes me furious.

He evidently fails to realize that "gentle and retired ladies" often meet more formidable foes in themselves than many a burly cop does in all his rounds. What would he say if he knew that a favorite Communion of one of the G. and R. L. is: "I am the wheat of Christ; may I be ground by the teeth of beasts, that I may be found pure bread."

Address Withheld

A NUN

UNQUOTE

EDITOR: If one who is neither a poet nor a musician may express a thought prompted by Father Feeney's delightful *Words and Music: You Go First, My Dear!* (AMERICA, April 13), it would be this:

I do not like po-EMS in music any more than I like "Queen OF the an-GELS, Queen OF the May," in a popular May hymn. And, somehow or other, I do not fancy, "Drink TOO / me ON-/-ly WITH / thine EYES," in Ben Jonson's poem. And I like to think that Celia is not "practically cross-eyed" on account of Mozart's "very beautiful" music, which is in 6/8 time to make it accord with "DRINK to me." Had he used 4/4 time, the rhythm of the music would have corresponded perfectly with the rhythm of the poem; but there would then be the displeasing opening, "Drink TOO me."

Kokomo, Ind.

F. JOS. MUTCH

LITERATURE AND ARTS

WHY RADIO NEEDS AN "ANGEL"

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

IN too frequent fits of peevishness, if you are a discriminating dial turner, you have probably wondered why no philanthropist has endowed a foundation to provide rational radio entertainment for civilized ears. A serious thinker tunes in to hear an analysis of the political situation. He gets a few scraps of inadequate information squeezed in edgewise between the brays of a brass-lunged sales booster extolling the potency of Lightfoot's Little Liver Pills. A chamber-music fan dials a string quartette. Before and after the program, and between numbers, a quavering, grandfatherly voice inquires if the listener is enjoying the music in a comfortably heated room. If not, the voice insists, the one and only sure way to end his heating worries once and for all is to fill his bin with Burnfast anthracite. As the theme melody dissolves in silence, the fan who wanted Bach and got Burnfast chokes with murderous rage.

The idea, which is probably original in this writing, is suggested for what it is worth with no thought of personal gain. It is offered gratis and free of royalties to any benevolent plutocrat who is eager to nail down immortality on this side of Jordan, even though his modernist views lead him to fear he will draw a blank on the other side. He can pass out in the certainty that his memory will remain green in the hearts of his countrymen.

Behind him he will leave multitudes of grateful beneficiaries of his bounty. Imagine the sheer pleasure of dialing station XYZ just in time to hear a normal, sincere voice saying: "The following program is sponsored by the Greatheart Foundation to Provide Non-Commercial Radio Entertainment for America. You will now hear an all Mozart program, by the Superb Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Oceola Rabinowitz." After which, one luxuriates in an hour of fine music, uninterrupted by too frequent intermissions during which a too sugary voice coaxes one to buy Tom's, Dick's or Harry's breakfast food, motor oil or shaving soap. The felicity of the experience might lead the delightful listener to fancy himself in Paradise. Indeed, if he had not previously heard of the Greatheart Foundation, the shock might be sufficient to send him there.

These remarks are not intended to belittle the progress radio has already made in the direction of

maturity. There is a great deal of intrinsically first rate entertainment on the air, and a modicum that is excellent. The latter includes the NBC Saturday night symphony broadcasts, sometimes under the baton of the renowned Toscanini, and Columbia's Philharmonic concerts Sunday afternoons. Town Hall of the Air is another high spot, dependably interesting and occasionally exploding in brilliant bursts of unpremeditated humor. In lower brackets, one might mention Seth Parker's nostalgic reminiscences of village life, and Ted Malone's readings from the unpublished masterpieces of not yet glorious Miltons. But those programs are kicked around the clock from hour to hour, sometimes from station to station, to serve the convenience of the commercials, until they catch the eye of a sponsor. Then they are tailored to conform to the exigencies of sales patter, with grievous consequences to their symmetry and charm.

Flash news broadcasts deserve honorable mention too. Radio is far superior to all but the best newspapers in reporting important events with speed and clarity, enabling the listener to keep informed with an appreciable economy of time and effort. The reporting and interpreting of recent European crises was a splendid job, and the newscasters were going to town in covering the war before the official censors began to do their dirty work.

Radio certainly can claim a feather for its cap for carrying the antics of a galaxy of gorgeous comedians to the inmates of lonely farmhouses on the steppes of Montana and the under-privileged dwellers in the rookeries of Memphis. Were it not for radio, and too infrequent appearances in pictures, the inspired clowning of Fred Allen, Fibber McGee, Jack Benny, Betty Lou and Charlie McCarthy could be enjoyed only in big city theatres, and there only at what amounts to a stiff price for the lower two-thirds of the populace. While commercial radio deserves no end of applause for making life brighter for the lonely hearts in the sticks and the slums, it nevertheless violates a man's respect for the fitness of things to hear the gags of his pet zany sandwiched in between plugs for somebody's floor paint or hair tonic.

There are times, of course, when advertising on the air is wholly inoffensive. For instance, during

sports broadcasts. Between rounds of a prizefight, quarters of a gridiron struggle, or innings of a baseball game, no American objects to being reminded that the second-by-second description of the event is being paid for by the largess of the Stinkweed Cigar Co. He accepts advertising as a part of the atmosphere of a sports broadcast just as he accepts the billboards behind the bleachers as part of the normal scenery of a ball park.

While sports and commercialism mix readily enough, esthetics and commercialism will not mix at all. The man who unprotestingly accepts advertising in the arena strenuously objects to it in the concert hall. The reason is. . . . Perhaps there is no reason. It may be merely the reflex of emotional habits, reinforced by the common experience that mixing business and pleasure impairs the efficiency of one and reduces the enjoyment of the other. The inhibition works both ways. When the terms of a lease are being discussed, an aria from *Carmen* is just as unwelcome as a Fuller Brush salesman hawking his wares at the opera.

The bathos would be eliminated, or at least reduced, if there were a foundation devoted to providing radio entertainment exclusively for adult listeners, either by operating its own broadcasting chain or by purchasing time on existing systems. Such a benevolence would be more than a boon to the mature element of the radio audience; it would also perform a salutary function of public safety. If the recent Orson Welles invasion-from-Mars hoax had been aired over a network known to specialize in programs addressed solely to intelligent listeners, and consequently avoided by the oafs who keep the radio playing because they are afraid of silence, there would have been no mad rush of frightened farmers for their squirrel guns or dash of hysterical spinsters breaking their legs in their haste to get upstairs and under the bed before the Mars men began making a Nanking of New Jersey.

It would be superogatory to go on piling up points to prove that radio needs what in dated theatrical parlance was called an "angel." Hardly any enlightened man denies it. There are some, however, who oppose the idea on pragmatic grounds. They feel that the innovation would not work or that certain dangers would follow its introduction. Sufficient reflection will convince them that the idea in neither visionary nor radical. It has already been tried out in another field. Many of us remember a play called *The Ladder*. It struck the fancy of a current Croesus who kept the production running on Broadway long after its box office appeal had expired. Anyone who felt that *The Ladder* had a message for him, but did not have money to buy a ticket, was admitted free. That, roughly, is the kind of "angel" discriminating radio listeners are crying for.

Better illustrations, perhaps, can be found among the hours devoted to religious services and the sustaining programs of the broadcasting companies. The Catholic Hour, the Church of the Air and National Vespers, each maintains a mood of reverence untainted by commercialism. Columbia's "Wings Over Jordan," a delightful program of Negro

Spirituals, is unmarred by an aggressive, metallic voice dragging in waggish allusions to the merits of Tar Baby shoe polish. Those intervals of worship and edification illustrate what might be done in the field of secular diversion if there existed a foundation well heeled enough to purchase a dozen hours a day from the various chains.

Of course, numerous difficulties would have to be overcome. Almost immediately the foundation would have to hurdle vexing cultural obstacles. There is little variation of tastes among the rabble who are satisfied with commercial radio. A studio devoted exclusively to mature entertainment would be confronted with a multiplicity of preferences. If the foundation were in the hands of incurable high-brows the situation would be hopeless. Listeners with a weakness for Louis Armstrong's hot lips would be tormented with floods of Brahms music. Gilbert and Sullivan addicts would be compelled to listen to an interminable succession of lecturers, in precise diction and Oxford accents, discursing on the momentous question of whither are we drifting? Given sensible supervision, however, there is no reason why the foundation should not succeed in pleasing all its clients most of the time and the majority of them all the time.

Economic puzzles would have to be solved too. Obviously, the sponsor of non-commercial programs would have to pay for the time used at commercial rates, otherwise the broadcasting companies could not be induced to cooperate. Spotting the hours would be another complicated affair. If the foundation were permitted to purchase the best hours after dark, when all the family are free to gather around the radio, commercial sponsors would be driven from the air, a condition which neither the broadcasting companies nor a majority of the public wants.

The ideal solution would be for the foundation to operate its own network, a job palpably too big for any institution that did not have at its disposal the estates of a dozen defunct and ultra-generous billionaires. It might be feasible, however, for a tolerably wealthy foundation to operate a chain and cut down the overhead by selling second-best hours to advertisers who could not afford to be too discriminating. The problem might be tackled in various other ways. When and if the endowment becomes a reality, hired experts will doubtless find a way to make it function. The present remarks are only submitting an idea, not drawing a blue print.

That numerous unforeseen dangers and difficulties would appear to bedevil the foundation is undeniable. Indeed, they are so unpredictable that a half-persuaded philanthropist might pause before dictating his last will and testament, lest his benevolence be in vain. It must be admitted that the hazards are many and the risk is great. But the opportunity for service is even greater. For when television becomes commercially feasible, visual atrocities will be added to the aural outrages we now suffer. Imagine the horrible spectacle of an ensemble of faultless artists rendering *The Evening Star*, while a skywriter inscribes the firmament with, "Horsefeather Crunchies Tickle Your Tummy."

BOOKS

A FAMILY, AT ONCE MAD AND REMARKABLE

THE MAD BOOTHS OF MARYLAND. By Stanley Kimmel.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.75

WITH immense industry, Mr. Kimmel has searched musty archives and pored over the files of yellowed newspapers to produce a volume that will hold the reader's interest from the first paragraph of the text to the last of the carefully assembled notes. It was a muckheap that Mr. Kimmel was obliged to investigate, for the story of the Booths begins with a seduction and ends with an assassination. Mad the Booths may have been; certainly they were bibulous and bigamous. No essential detail has been omitted, but the author's good taste and skill in assessing his materials save him from the reproach of having wasted his time in compiling a cheap *chronique scandaleuse*. What is offered is a history of the American stage as influenced by the Booths, together with a discussion of the plot by John Wilkes Booth to assassinate Lincoln. Junius, the first of the family, inaugurated the classic period of the American stage, and Edwin, the last, gave it a distinction that was admitted by critics, here and abroad.

Less satisfactory is the author's treatment of the Booth plot. We no longer wave "the bloody shirt," or speak with any respect of the tribunal before which Mrs. Surratt and Booth's accomplices were arraigned in a shameful travesty on justice. Mr. Kimmel's dislike of "rebels" may be forgiven, for many agree with him. But his repetition of the term, which he apparently uses to connote moral degradation, grows tiresome. After all, Washington, as well as Lee, was a rebel. This dislike seems to color his judgment, particularly in the case of Mrs. Surratt. This unfortunate woman may have had some knowledge of Booth's plot to kidnap Lincoln, although it is probable that, like many of Booth's associates, she did not take him seriously. That she was privy to any scheme to assassinate him, is a charge that rests on no evidence, yet, unless I have misread him, Mr. Kimmel holds that her guilt is all but certain. Nor can he exculpate Dr. Mudd.

In his discussion of the character of John Wilkes Booth, Mr. Kimmel is on surer ground. Booth mouthed his devotion to the Confederacy, but he was careful to refrain from enlisting, nor is there evidence that any official of the Confederacy, down to the most eager recruiting sergeant, tried to secure his services. By 1865, Booth had lost his voice, and his years of debauchery had poisoned his brain, but his passion for fame, which he had never tried to win by disciplined effort, still flamed. It is Mr. Kimmel's conclusion, supported by Booth's own words, that the half-crazed, perhaps wholly crazed, actor thought that by assassinating Lincoln, he could insure himself a place of glory.

Two theories on points of minor, yet always recurring, interest are original with Mr. Kimmel. He believes that while Parker, assigned to guard Lincoln's box on that tragic fourteenth of April was undoubtedly remiss, a whole regiment could not have saved the President. Booth had the run of the theater; he was a skilled marksman, and even had he been turned away by Parker, could have shot Lincoln from the wings. Mr. Kimmel also rejects the story that Booth was shot by Boston Corbett, and submits evidence to show that the assassin committed suicide. *The Mad Booths* will endure as a mine of information for students of the American stage, but in quoting Carl Sandburg's judgment, "this book fills a niche in the realm of Lincolniana," I venture to inquire, "fills it with what?" PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

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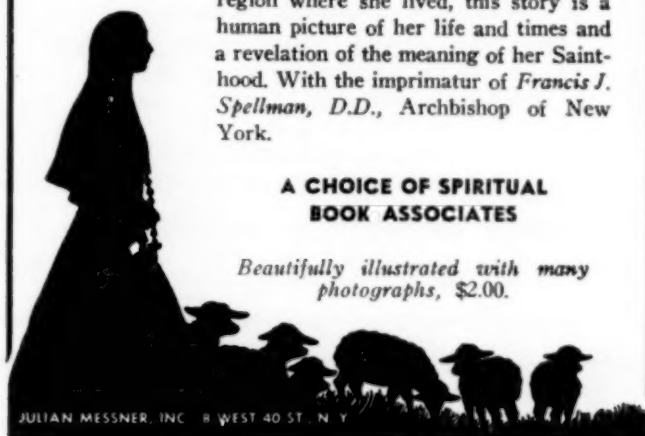
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JOURNALISTIC POT-POURRI

THE AMERICAN STAKES. By John Chamberlain. Car-
rick and Evans. \$2.75

THIS racy, provocative collection of previously published magazine material, here crocheted together to form eight fat chapters, begins with an unorthodox appraisal of the State. Employing the *New Republic's* bone-crushing style and borrowing the phraseology of a person named Murray Godwin, the former *New York Times* book reviewer asserts, or rather shouts, that the State was created as a racket. The use of this epithet in relation to the staid old science of political economy is almost certain to cause pained surprise in university circles. Mr. Chamberlain brashly hastens to explain that there are two kinds of rackets. Russia is an example of the strict racket—a one-party proletarian dictatorship. The United States operates under the limited-racket theory. No matter what group, party or combination of predatory interests may be in power, the way is still left open for the outside or opposing group to fight for what it conceives to be its rights. This, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, is democracy.

In the middle section of the book, Mr. Chamberlain adopts the bed-side manner which the editors of *Fortune* believe to be best adapted to the tired business man who spends most of his nightmarish day filling out New Deal questionnaires. Here he presents a few soothing nostrums to "the more jittery of the God's sake school" which is composed of those who frequently argue that "aggressor" nations might cut us off from needed raw materials. There follows a streamlined discussion of tariffs, national defense, Mr. Roosevelt, Mayor La Guardia, a clear presentation of the complex question of monopolies, and a good discussion of cooperatives and their limitations. The final chapter revives the memory of Herbert Croly and probes the problem presented by three million American youths waiting around for something to happen.

Mr. Chamberlain is an excellent book reviewer and a first-rate journalist. But this pungent pot-pourri has no unifying theme and no basic philosophy—except that the limited racket theory is more enduring and preferable to dictatorship. His major weakness is that he views the American scene armed only with the scraps and tatters of knowledge provided by such contemporaries as Walter Duranty, Bertrand Russell—and Murray Godwin. He gives no indication that he has done any serious reading beyond the eighteenth century.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

COMPETENT GUIDES TO RURAL SECURITY

AGRICULTURE IN MODERN LIFE. By O. E. Baker, Ralph Borsodi and M. L. Wilson. Harper and Bros. \$3.50

RURAL ROADS TO SECURITY. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, LL.D. and John C. Rawe, S.J., LL.M. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

FARMERS OF TOMORROW. By the Rev. Urban Baer. Monroe Publishing Co., Sparta, Wis. \$2

TO 1,000 farmers in various parts of the United States a questionnaire was recently sent out by the Rev. Urban Baer, of the Diocese of LaCrosse, Wis., asking a frank opinion of their difficulties. Approximately ninety per cent of those interrogated replied that unless conditions improve, the entire farm population will eventually go into bankruptcy and become the victims of absentee landlordism, corporation farmers or wards of the State. About seventy-five per cent of them replied that in order to keep Communism or Fascism out of the rural areas more farmers must be given economic security.

The astounding paradox of our American life is found in the fact that the most secure of all human occupations, by nature as well as by our traditions and our country's resources, has today become the most grievously insecure. The mounting insecurity of the farmer's existence pulls down with it the whole fabric of our civilization and pulls down religion and the Church into the bargain.

Father Baer places the blame for this squarely upon the shoulders of "Finance-Capitalism." Reckless exploitation of the soil, forests and even the sea combined with monopolistic practices have so completely dislocated the balance of supply and demand, of industry and agriculture, of rural and urban life, that the remedy for this colossal insecurity must be found outside of any mere readjustment of the economic forces now operating. They must be found in the reconstruction of our social and political, as well as our purely economic life. What lines shall such a reconstruction take? The idea of these three books, all actuated more or less by the same philosophy, is to give an answer to that question.

The voice of O. E. Baker, agricultural economist, has been heard up and down the land for over a decade claiming that the problem of the family is a starting point in such a discussion. "The American people," he writes, "are facing the decision as to whether the primary dependence for economic security shall be placed in the family or in the state. History indicates that greater dependence, particularly in the rural areas, can be placed in the family." Dr. Baker bases his claim upon an absorbing demonstration of the rapidly declining birth-rate, with ensuing depopulation and all the havoc this causes, as in mortgage debt, lessening equity of farm operators in farm real estate, decreasing consumption, etc. With so strong a family and population emphasis, Dr. Baker puzzles us by his apparent complacency toward "planned parenthood" and birth control. He characterizes as "splendid" (p. 158) an article in the *Eugenical News*, by Mrs. Alva Myrdal, Swedish social reformer, who frankly states that "birth control has to be effectively spread to all groups of society in order to create a state in which only desired children are born," even though she does admit that "at the same time social conditions have to be so modified that more children can be welcomed."

Dr. Baker is on more solid ground when he pleads recognition of the "more permanent values in rural life." Borsodi throws his hat into the ring and attacks commercialized agriculture for ignoring what is "inherent and inescapable in the art and science of cultivating the land," indicts it for wasting time, effort and money in trying to make an essentially fallacious system pay, and thinks it is time to begin "tacking against the wind" if we wish to reach the haven of security, even though progress be zigzag and slow.

M. L. Wilson is a religious man, with immense experience and great appreciation of all the things that make rural life worth while. His view, in a way, is the most comprehensive of all, but is also the most indefinite. He profoundly distrusts "doctrine" and "dogma," but the acceptance of certain elementary doctrines and dogmas is precisely what gives pith and consistency to the vigorous writing of Monsignor Ligutti, Father Rawe and Father Baer. The last, by his own admission, writes directly for the farmer and the "man on the street." And Borsodi is definitely doctrinal.

Ligutti and Rawe, in their ample and authoritative volume, show what practically can be done to rehabilitate rural families upon the land. With the help of photographs, Monsignor Ligutti tells the story of his notable achievement in the Granger, Iowa, homestead settlement. Intelligent technology, home production and various methods of promoting self-sufficiency, cooperative systems, rural educational programs, are described by the authors, and a Christian rural philosophy is outlined.

Even if much remains to be done before the complete answer is afforded, its main elements are indicated in these unusual books. They illustrate, in Father Baer's

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JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

KINGS ROW. By Henry Bellamann. Simon and Shuster. \$2.75

IF publicity will do the trick, this morbid piece of fiction should reach best-seller heights, for the publishers, quite apparently, are determined to push it. Of all the books dealing with depravity, I doubt if any has aligned such a conglomeration of mentally unbalanced characters; from a sadistic surgeon and an equally sadistic town hangman, through the whole diapason between introvert and extrovert, to the just plain town idiot, Benny, who ends gruesomely on the scaffold. The only real, admirable creation of the author is the "Madame," but even she is not allowed to reach her appointed end without pages of agonizing torture (for the reader) via the cancer route. As a sadist toward his characters, Mr. Bellamann out-Gordons Dr. Gordon.

Though the author writes with a certain degree of facility, his book can scarcely be considered good fiction. The *deus ex machina* solutions are obviously too melodramatic, for one thing. One expects all the scenery to collapse, à la *Samson et Delilah*, as the climax is reached. And as for the final, idyllic implication of romance, it is too blatantly artificial. ALAN MAYNARD

YOUR CATHOLIC LANGUAGE. By Mary Perkins. Sheed and Ward. \$2

FRESH from the laurels of her *At Your Ease in the Catholic Church*, Mary Perkins now proceeds to offer her guests a little sound instruction in the matter of the Church's language. Using as text the Latin of the Mass, a choice of collects from the Proper of three different Masses, a few psalms and some of the best hymns and prayers, Miss Perkins starts absolutely from scratch and brings her student to a point where he can easily go on by himself to the understanding of all Liturgical Latin.

The technical parts of the book are flawless. There is an interlinear translation of the Mass on the left-hand page, and on the right-hand page a running commentary by the author in which she makes obscure points clear, and attaches a lesson in grammar, syntax, use of cases, or whatever the opportunity may afford, so as to bring her reader to a full knowledge of all the Latin peculiarities before he has finished. There is a vocabulary, and a list of the conjugations and declensions, and everything else you could ask, at the end of the book.

Anyone, such as a priest, or a Latin teacher, who feels he knows all that Miss Perkins has to offer, might well buy the book to study her art of instruction. She is clear as crystal, accurate as a little woodpecker, and as witty as can be. She positively refuses to let any lesson become heavy. It may seem out of place to say so, but I chuckled audibly at many of her remarks in this book, such as: "Here are the most important prepositions which put a noun into the Accusative Case. Do not even try to remember them all." I do not see how a book could be made at once more instructive and more entertaining than this. LEONARD FEBNEY

**A GLANCE AT
THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE**

Father E. C. McEniry, O.P., has brought out a revised edition of *St. Thomas Aquinas' Meditations* (Mt. Carmel Hospital, Columbus, \$3), which is arranged suitably for every day in the year. Particularly valuable is a handy topical index for ready reference to Saint Thomas, which is something long desired and cordially welcomed.

Ralph J. Major is a physician of distinction, but it was not up his alley to write *Faiths That Heal* (Appleton-Century, \$3), which jumbles up Lourdes, Theresa

Neumann, witchcraft and St. Vitus dance. Sincerely written, but quite out of his field.

Three reprints of the works of the late Dom Columba Marmion, O.S.B., Abbot of Maredsous, are put out by Herder at \$2.75 each. These are *Christ in His Mysteries*, *Christ, the Ideal of the Monk*, *Christ, the Life of the Soul*. The spiritual works of the great Benedictine director of souls are too well known to need more than attention to their republication.

Father Victor P. Baron has collected in *I Heard His Voice* (Hope Haven Press) a number of conferences on the spiritual life. Designed primarily for religious, the laity also will find great spiritual treasures in these colloquies.

Twenty more or less well-known press correspondents have collaborated in *The Inside Story* (Prentice-Hall, \$2.75) which is edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. These contemporary historical yarns are all interesting; they may all possibly be true. At any rate, they are not dull; and any release from tedium is welcome.

A happy contribution to Americans is *The Trees* by Conrad Richter (Knopf, \$2.50), which is concerned with pioneer days in the country east of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio. The period is shortly after the Revolution, and the atmosphere distinctly that of national expansion.

According to Clarence K. Streit, internationalism alone can insure world peace and prosperity. And that accounts for *Union Now* (Harpers, \$2), which is a special plea for a federal union of nations modeled on the United States. Whether it will work remains to be seen. Anyway, read what Mr. Streit has to say about it.

America Learns to Play by Foster Rhea Dulles (Appleton-Century, \$4) is a reflection of the mind, manners and morals of the American people in the great stages of their development. This is a scholarly work, amply documented, and possibly the most profound excursion into the field of American recreation.

Reorganization of our methods of production, distribution and consumption will usher in an age of leisure and plenty, declares Roger Payne. To prove it, he has written *Why Work? Or the Coming Age of Leisure and Plenty* (Meador, \$2.50). Thus, men will work only one day a week, with the rest of the time free to slip down to perdition. For the author has some vague notion that religion is the opiate of the people!

There is another social evangel put out by Nathan A. Smyth in *Lest Freedom Fail* (Dodd, Mead, \$1.75). Authoritarianism is here the foe, to squelch which Mr. Smyth proposes a general voluntary cooperation of the citizenry to meet the common problems. But he does not seem to have got beyond humanitarianism.

The decade before and after the Great War supplies the plot for *This Side of Glory* by Gwen Bristow (Crowell, \$2.50). It is the story of social adjustments in an unstable epoch, quiet and interestingly done, but with the characters a trifle on the inert side.

Run of the Stars by Dora Aydelotte (Appleton-Century, \$2) leans to the wild and wooly. There is a young and beautiful school teacher; moreover, there are cowboy rustlings and some bad-man shootings, and not too much left to the imagination.

Sabe Smith is the *Mother of the Smiths* by Lorraine Carr (Macmillan, \$2.50), and she was one of those pioneer women of the Southwest who built her own home, raised a large family, and kept a tight hold on a shiftless husband. New Mexico is the background, and dauntless American womanhood the theme.

Frank Swinnerton reaches hectic heights in *The Two Wives* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), a tale set in a London theatrical milieu. The two wives are a couple of female social climbers, and none too impressive at that! On the whole, this novel has a quite decidedly seamy slant.

In *Enter Three Witches* (Morrow, \$2), Paul McGuire essays a mystery story. There is some excellent writing in this, even if the plot is somewhat feeble. Sparkling dialog lightens up the pages, with a good deal of shrewd and witty observation. But the plot suffers from vitamin deficiency.

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THEATRE

SUSPECT. Some of the best acting in town is now going on at the Playhouse. It is being done by Pauline Lord, in a new English melodrama, written by the indefatigable Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, authors of *Ladies in Retirement*, in which Flora Robson and the other members of a brilliant English company are also giving the shivers and chilling the blood of their audiences these nights.

There are those who loudly assert that the latter play is the stronger. I am not sure of that. But I can and do testify that there is a sky-high equality in the work of the two stars. Until I saw Miss Lord in the last moment of *Suspect*, I should have testified anywhere that the last moment of *Ladies in Retirement* held the biggest stage thrill in town. Now I am not certain of that, either.

The climaxes of the two plays, in each of which the star wholly dominates the scene, are so different that one hesitates to make comparisons. Both stars get their effects without words. But whereas Miss Robson stands motionless as well as silent, and stops the breath of the spectators by a sheer emanation of desperate, despairing spirit, Pauline Lord goes into a sudden frenzy that almost stops the heart beats of her audiences. Throughout the rest of the play her method is as quiet as Miss Robson's; but in that one great moment she is a mad-woman.

Of course, one must not reveal the plot of a melodrama. But I may add that the plays are alike in that each is laid in a lonely country house in England, and very unlike in the fact that while Miss Robson's play almost shows you the murder, the crime in Miss Lord's play has been committed twenty years before the rise of the curtain. It is only after those twenty years that retribution threatens the criminal. For *Suspect* is a battle of wits between a criminal fighting for life and a newspaper editor who Remembers All.

Now, I had better get right back to Miss Lord's acting, which I am ready to testify is better than almost any plot could be. There are certain situations in *Suspect* that are strangely like the famous Lizzie Borden murder case forty years ago, in Fall River, Massachusetts. In both, a daughter was suspected of killing her father and step-mother with an axe. But here I am off the track again—and merely because I happened to be a young reporter for the *New York World*, reporting Lizzie Borden's trial, and have never since known any murder case holding the terrifying tension of that experience. When, in *Suspect*, it was suggested, as in the Borden case, that the daughter had stripped for the crime, I nearly fell out of my seat. And when—

But we really must get back to the play! Let me advise you not to miss it. Miss Lord's acting is the sort she alone can give us, and certain scenes in *Suspect* offer her opportunities for such acting as she (and we) have not been given for years. Does she take advantage of them? She does so and to a degree that chills the spine.

Douglas MacLean and Arthur J. Beckhard, the producers, have given no such superb support to their star as Miss Robson gets from her perfect company. Grayce Hampton, Wallis Clark and Frederic Worlock are fine; but there are several weaknesses in the production and the worst of these is the stage direction. Miss Lord surmounts even that.

Let the pessimists crawl into their holes and stay there. With such acting as she and Miss Robson, Miss Bankhead, Sara Allgood, Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans, Miss Hepburn, Barry Fitzgerald, Eddie Dowling and half a dozen others have given us, New York may well feel smug over this theatrical season.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN. There are several reminders of the film *Dark Victory* in this remake of a still earlier picture, the happiest of which is Edmund Goulding's direction. Given another wealthy young woman doomed to an untimely death, he has distilled the same tragic resignation from a situation which might have been morbid or maudlin, and has crowned it with spiritual overtones. The criterion is admittedly theatrical effectiveness but the material has been handled with restraint. A fugitive who is being returned from Hong-kong for execution in the United States falls in love with a lady suffering a fatal heart ailment. He sacrifices his one chance to escape in order to summon help when she has an attack, and they learn each other's secret for the first time. Nevertheless they arrange to meet again and there is provocative force in the ghostly way that rendezvous is kept. The resignation of the chief characters to their fate, though imperfectly motivated, gives the tale a welcome maturity of tone, and the fact of immortality is suggested with dramatic sharpness at the close. The acting is uniformly impressive, and Merle Oberon and George Brent, seconded by Pat O'Brien, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Binnie Barnes and Frank McHugh, reach tragic stature. There are moments of lightness to relieve the dominant mood and, barring a passing cynicism, this is well recommended to adults. (Warner)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. The paradox of polite farce is perhaps something only a British-made film could achieve and a native audience fully appreciate. Certainly, the measure of leisurely fun in this production is going to be further limited by a slight and loosely constructed plot which depends on whimsy for its surest scenes. Some novelty attaches to the locale, the country school of a French tutor to career men, and the chief complication arrives in the person of a flirtatious American girl who sets pupil against pupil. In the end she turns her attention to a philosophical bystander who succeeds in saving everyone else by losing himself. Ray Milland, Ellen Drew and Roland Culver play out the piece in well-written characterizations and, in spite of occasional patches of dulness which may be ascribed to a difference in tempo between this and the Hollywood product, the film will prove a diverting trifle for adults. (Paramount)

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE. This is dubious entertainment in a double sense, since natural fatigue is apparently overtaking this likable series and the emphasis on clinical details in the current episode is sometimes disquieting. Harold Bucquet has allowed too much grimness to creep into the hospital scenes and the usual nice balance between comedy and drama is upset. The resourceful interne advises a young surgeon, his romantic rival, to operate on a brain case and the patient emerges insane. Kildare braves medical opinion to administer a risky insulin treatment and saves the day. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day are effective, but this is merely average adult fare. (MGM)

STAR DUST. Another behind-the-scenes story of the movie industry, this exposition takes its rise from the fate of a young hopeful brought to Hollywood by a sentimental talent scout. The girl's test is nullified by studio jealousy, but she is finally maneuvered into success by the ingenuity of the scout. The freshness of its presentation does a good bit to disguise the age of the details. Linda Darnell is believable as the aspiring actress, but Roland Young, assisted by William Gargan, Charlotte Greenwood and Donald Meek, carries most of the entertainment burden in this amiable family offering. (Twentieth Century-Fox) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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WANTED copy of AMERICA for February 26, 1938. Also THE CATHOLIC MIND for 1939 Nos. 866 and 876 of Volume 37; 1921 No. 12 of Volume 19; 1920 No. 2 of Volume 18; 1917 No. 13 of Volume 15; 1914 No. 12 of Volume 12; 1909 No. 6 of Volume 7; 1907 No. 13 of Volume 5. The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

EVENTS

A bizarre motif threaded through the theme song of the week. . . . In the East a man kicked a home relief official when the latter ordered him to start work. . . . In South Carolina, a bloodhound lost its own trail, officials were sent to find it. . . . In Michigan a penniless law violator found ten dollars on the court room floor, with which to pay his fine. . . . A California couple left for their honeymoon on roller skates. . . . In Montpelier, Vt., pickpockets took \$700 from the pockets of a citizen who had been carrying it on his person since the bank holiday of 1933. . . . In East Liverpool, O., a citizen ate a watch, a penknife, safety razor blades and cartridges from a policeman's belt before being incarcerated on a charge of intoxication. After five days in jail on a diet of stew and vegetables, he recovered, left for the far West. . . . Oregon cowboys invented an electric spur to stimulate the speed of cattle. . . . To improve prison morale, a Kentucky superintendent installed a beautician in the State's female "big house." . . . Australian engineers patented a self-parking automobile. . . . Just as an Ontario, Canada, citizen was about to take off his shoes, a lightning bolt saved him the trouble, took the shoes off. . . . After swallowing a rusty safety razor blade during a performance, an Australian magician was seized with indigestion. . . . An Iowa thief stole four suits of clothes from a man whose left leg is shorter than his right. . . . After expropriating goods from a private home, a Montreal robber complained to police that another thief had taken the looted material from him. . . . When their eight-year-old terrier died, a Long Island couple hung a wreath of crepe and gladiolas on the door of their home, became inconsolable. . . . The front wall of a Philadelphia boarding house fell off, revealing a man in bed and another dressing. "Is it time to get up?," queried the man in bed. "Yes," answered the man who was dressing. . . .

Dame Fashion decreed pajamas *de rigueur* for pooches belonging to fashionable society, rubbers for rainy days. . . . In Illinois, two Texans ate a dollar meal. After the meal, one offered to double any tip the other left. Two waitresses received \$360 in tips. . . . A movement to take eye-prints of criminals was launched in California. . . . In New York State a motorist gave a summons to a policeman. The gendarme stopped the autoist, asked him to buy a ticket for a police ball, a practice said to be a misdemeanor in the State. . . . A Pittsburgh clothier sensed that the face of a man entering his store was familiar. It was. The visitor had held up the store previously, held it up again. . . . Price fixing appeared to be spreading. . . . Massachusetts commissioners ordained that owners of dogs which bite off heifers' tails must pay forty dollars a tail. . . . A spirit of hilarity was glimpsed. . . . In North Carolina, five jailbirds picked the locks of their cells, walked out of prison strumming a guitar, returned in a few hours. Questioned, they declared they did it for fun. Catching the spirit, the jailer put new locks on the cell doors. . . . A scheme for artificial rain-making was proposed in Australia. It suggests that 2,000 planes with tanks full of water take to the air. The plan will materially increase the sale of umbrellas, proponents asserted. . . .

The international situation continued to seethe. . . . A shortage of briar pipes was reported in France. . . . Tokyo telephone operators volunteered to contribute toward the Chinese war each time they were insulted over the wire. . . . Rumors circulated that Hitler, following the Norwegian adventure, altered the style of his mustache. In Moscow, the Reds who embalmed Lenin's body were decorated. . . . The body of Lenin never rose from the dead. . . . There is a Body which did. THE PARADER